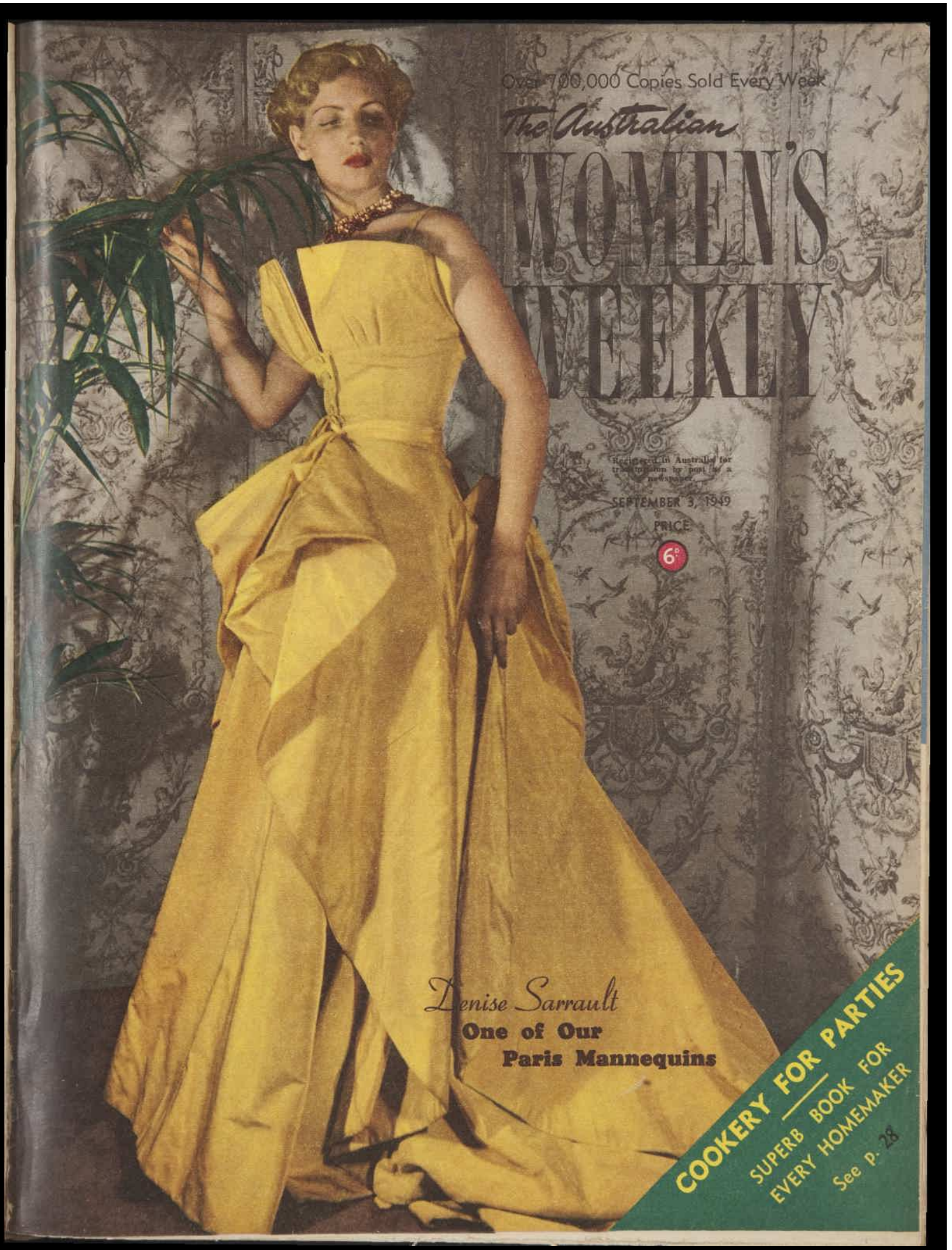

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A Kiss for Fleurette

By SAX ROHMER

I WAS more than a little worried when Copley-Brandon failed to turn up. Having made an early job of the passport business in the ship's big drawing-room, and got my visa in order, I went straight off to look for him.

Reporters and photographers were dashing about, hunting for an under-nourished blonde I had seen on board. She turned out to be some Swedish movie actress I had never heard of.

But nobody was hunting for me. I had the packet in my topcoat pocket, and no idea what to do with it if Copley-Brandon didn't appear. So when a gang of newspapermen had finished interviewing some Senator, I grabbed a reporter.

"Excuse me—but is Mr. Copley-Brandon on board?"

The reporter considered me from under the brim of a large hat and through a pair of large spectacles.

"I wouldn't know. Ask the purser."

"You misunderstand me. I mean, did he come aboard with you?"

"With me? No, sir. Don't know the guy."

He hared off.

The ship was in that state of semi-delirium which seizes a liner docking in New York. Stewards dashing about with baggage. Women looking for their husbands. Husbands looking for their landing-cards. Ship's officers looking bored. A perfect pandemonium.

But I knew where I could get information, and, although the bars were officially closed, I knew where I could get a drink.

I made my way up.

There they were—the newspapermen, the Swedish blonde, the Senator, the cameras. If Copley-Brandon wasn't here, he wasn't anywhere. It was a chilly morning. And journalists, even when otherwise uncivilised, always know where it's kept.

Francis, the barman, saved my life, and also saved me a lot of bother.

"Mr. Kenrick!" he shouted above the babel. The young man under the large hat and behind the large glasses looked around. "Meet Mr. Roscoe. He needs your help."

And so we met a second time. Life is like that.

"Mr. Kenrick," I said—"By the way, may I offer you a drink?—I had an appointment with a journalist, Copley-Brandon by name, on board, this morning. Was he with the Press party?"

"No, sir. I believe I told you down on main-deck I've never heard of him."

"You've never heard of Copley-Brandon?"

"No, sir. What newspaper is he supposed to represent?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"Wait a minute. I'll check up with some of the boys."

He did so. The boys' report was unanimous.

"Sorry. None of 'em have ever heard of him."

And so that was why I presently found myself in the Customs shed ferreting among a stack of luggage piled under the letter R. for my suitcase—with the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Copley-Brandon still in my topcoat pocket.

It was more than awkward. I had passed my word to Shepherd that the thing should be safely delivered, and now I didn't know where to deliver it. All he had written on the wrapper was just: "To be handed to Mr. J. Copley-Brandon."

As I came through the barrier—where what looked like a million people seemed to be congregated—I wondered if the missing Copley-Brandon, having somehow failed to get aboard, might be there to meet me.

I thought of bawling his name, and then, observing the expression on the face of a policeman standing by the gate, I decided against this idea.

Dropping my suitcase into a taxi I gave the hotel address, and lay back to do some serious thinking.

I wasn't by any means too well set-up. If something had gone wrong with Shepherd's arrangements—as appeared to be the case—I was in for a pretty thin time.

His assurance that the Copley-Brandons would take care of my comfort during this brief stay in New York ("Be only too glad," in his own words) had tempted me to spend my funds pretty lavishly during the trip.

In short, I had to camp here until I could make contact with my uncle, and arrange to visit him in Philadelphia.

The taxi drew up before the large hotel Shepherd had mentioned, and a porter carried in my suitcase. "Have you a reservation, sir?"

"I think so. I'll go and make sure."

After walking up a number of stairs and crossing several marble halls, I found the information desk. A clerk in charge, who was correctly dressed for a wedding, didn't seem to like the look of me. He was writing what appeared to be a poem or a song, and my appearance had evidently disturbed his line of thought.

"The Croix de Valois," Fleurette whispered incredulously, as I put it around her neck.

"My name is Roscoe—Malcolm Roscoe. I believe an apartment has been reserved for me by either Mr. or Mrs. Copley-Brandon."

He seemed to doubt it. But he consulted a huge scoring-board and then, with one eye cocked in my direction, made an inquiry on a phone. He hung up.

"You are mistaken. There's no reservation."

This was a blow.

"I don't understand. Of course you know Mrs. Copley-Brandon?"

He shook his head and went back to his literature.

"I've never heard of the lady."

"Well—can I reserve an apartment for to-night?"

"Nothing this side of Christmas."

Things were shaping awkwardly.

A capable looking lad with dangerous eyebrows seemed to have me spotted as I moved away from the information desk, and I suspected that I had won the interest of a house detective.

I managed to get the hall porter to hang on to my suitcase until I came back, and then I had a confidential chat with a taxi-driver. He grasped the situation. And I suppose I called at a dozen hotels, all around the town.

Nothing doing.

I paid off the taxi as the appetite of the meter for mileage began to frighten me, and went into one of those places where you sit up at a counter and eat what you can find. I should have to try to acquire the art of economy.

Please turn to page 4

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A Kiss For Fleurette

THIS was my first visit to the United States, and I found Manhattan full of surprises. The man behind the bar gave me another. When I paid him, he started to blow off steam in an amazing way.

My offence was not clear to me until a laughing voice, speaking with a faint accent, said, "You see? You have given him some francs! He thinks you try to cheat him!"

She was perched on the next stool. And forgetting the man behind the bar for a moment, I took a good look at her.

She was French, from the tilt of her little hat to the turn of her slim ankles. Very plainly dressed. But she would have looked right in anything. She had deep, sombre eyes and dark hair. But the sombre eyes could smile, and they were smiling now.

I answered in her own language, which seemed to make her glad—and my mistake was put right. After that, we spoke in English. I loved to listen to her accent.

"You come here from France?" she asked eagerly.

"I was in France only a few weeks ago."

"Tell me about—France."

I tried to tell her, making as easy weather of it as grim facts permitted. But her eyes grew very sad.

"How long is it since you were there?" I inquired.

"Ever so long. I am at school in England when the war comes, and my father sends me here, to my aunt."

She didn't say any more, and I had to guess the rest. It wasn't easy. She was charming. And her frank way had no trace of impudence about it.

She was completely at ease with me. But it wasn't because she made a habit of talking to strange men. She knew her world. There was a sort of barrier which at any moment could become disdain.

I framed my next remark very carefully.

"Do you—live in New York?"

"I work here," she replied simply, and smiled again, a deprecating smile. "At a florist's."

She emphasised the second syllable in a way that I found quite delightful.

I decided to drop the subject of her own affairs, and we fell silent for a while.

"Were you in France during the war?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"After the landing?"

"Yes—right to the end."

"In Normandy?"

"I was very much in Normandy! My regiment took a lot of punishment going through. In fact, a portion of my left foot is there now—which accounts for a slight limp you may have noticed."

"I had not noticed it." She looked at me with a new expectation, and then: "Were you ever at a little place called Haute Ste. Marie?" she asked—and now her eyes grew wistful.

"Yes," I nodded. "The village was—well, it wasn't there. The old chateau, a mere shell. But the Germans held it grimly. We had to blast 'em out. It had been an S.S. headquarters."

And as I finished speaking, a dreadful suspicion came to me that I had said the wrong thing. I turned and took a drink of coffee, then stole another look at her.

She smiled again. "I am foolish," she said. "But——" she hesitated . . . "I was born in Haute Ste. Marie."

"Please forgive me. I'm a blundering ass."

"You are not. I asked you. In any case, I know already."

The scene faded out, leaving only the girl with the sombre eyes. I found myself groping for a background which really belonged to her, for some niche in the scheme of things which was not a snack-bar.

It was at this moment, when I

Continued from page 3

had a strong impulse to say or do something to comfort, to bring me closer to her, that I observed a pair of dangerous eyebrows at the other end of the semicircular bar and recognised the man from the hotel!

Almost as I spotted him he was gone. But my intriguing acquaintance had noticed my change of expression.

"What is it?" she asked naively. "Someone you don't like, ha?"

It was too good an opening to be neglected. We all love talking about ourselves, I suppose, and I know I had a bursting need of someone to talk to at this moment.

And so I told her all about Shepherd and the photograph of Copley-Brandon's parents. It was a queer, rather silly story, and I watched her anxiously as I talked. I expected her to try to escape if I bored her. But she seemed to be interested. She even allowed me to order her some more coffee.

The thing began, as I explained, in a London club just before I sailed. Shepherd was brought in by a mutual friend and we all lunched together. He seemed to be a decent lad, and knew a lot of people I knew. When he heard I was leaving for New York, he asked me if I would do him a small service.

Shepherd was an ex-R.A.F. pilot, and he had formed one of those deep friendships with an American brother officer, James Copley-Brandon.

Poor old Copley-Brandon came safely through the whole jamboree and then crashed on a flight from Germany to England just before he was due to leave for home. This,

> ***"You are educated if you can do what you ought, whether you want to do it or not."***
>
> —Herbert Spencer.

Shepherd said, had happened only 10 days earlier, in the U.S. zone.

"He was an ace airman," Shepherd went on, "but a born sentimentalist. He always carried a photograph of his father and mother—a rather bulky one, too. And I promised him that if things went wrong I would see that they got it back. It was on him when he was pulled out—with written instructions to send it to me."

Shepherd said he didn't care to trust the photograph to the mails, but had been looking for someone reliable to carry it across. John Copley-Brandon, the dead pilot's brother, was on the staff of a New York newspaper and would come aboard with the reporters and take charge of the packet.

"You'll be doing me a service," Shepherd told me, "as well as the Copley-Brandons."

Naturally, I said yes. And next day Shepherd brought the picture along; a photograph of a charming old couple, mounted in a stout, well-worn leather-covered frame. On it was written, simply "To Jimmy, from Mum and Dad."

"I cabled them last night," said Shepherd, "and received their reply this morning. They have made a hotel reservation, and insist that you consider yourself their guest while you're in New York."

"Oh, but tell me," she said, and impulsively laid her hand on my knee. "Tell me about this poor lady. She was proud of him—yes. But very, very unhappy—no?"

"But my dear—er—"

"Fleurette," she prompted eagerly, as if anxious not to interrupt me.

"Thank you, Fleurette. My name is Malcolm. My dear Fleurette, you haven't heard the end of it."

Then I told her what had happened that morning. And when I had finished, she said, very quietly: "You have not heard the end of it, either—Malcolm."

Her pronunciation of "Malcolm" made me want to kiss her more than ever.

"You mean I have to find the Copley-Brandons?"

She nodded. "Where is it, this picture?"

I pointed to my topcoat lying on a nearby stool. "It's in a sealed envelope, or I'd show it to you."

She stood up. She was taller than I had expected, but no less graceful. "First, we must look in a telephone directory."

And the comradeship of that "we" made me glad, for the first time, that I had landed in this mess.

"But won't you be late at—the florist's?"

She laughed with sudden infectious gaiety, and met my glance.

"So you remember?" she said. "I am free to-day from noon. Let us go and look."

We looked, huddled together in a phone-box. And, so near to me, Fleurette was a dangerous neighbor.

There proved to be no Copley-Brandon in the book. We stared at each other. She shrugged—it was a truly Gallic shrug—and opened the door.

"It is mysterious," she declared.

"What do we do, now?"

Fleurette seemed to be thinking. She seemed, also, to be studying me with an inner eye, if I may so express it. Then, suddenly, she had made her mind up.

"I know where there is a room you can have. But only for to-night. It belongs to my friend Adele, but she is away for a few days. I have the key. She won't mind."

"Fleurette! Do you mean it?"

"Yes. We must go on the subway."

"We must not! We must go in a taxi."

She protested. She was adorable. Her laughter was music. But we went in a taxi.

On the way (it was on Ninety-something Street) Fleurette noticed a somewhat prominent signet ring I wear. (Bad taste, perhaps, but I'm superstitious.) I told her it bore the family motto: "I right the wrong."

"A brave motto," she said.

I learned little more about her than I knew already—except that her aunt had died, which had compelled Fleurette to work for her living.

"But—your father?"

She shook her head. "You have seen Haute Ste. Marie . . . We lost everything. I lost my father, too."

I dropped the subject. Fleurette was mysterious, reticent, a picture in the wrong frame, a puzzle to which I could find no clue. But it dawned upon me that it was my knowledge of Haute Ste. Marie which had forged the first link between us. And I blessed poor, shattered Haute Ste. Marie.

"This is it," said Fleurette, with her gay laugh, as our taxi halted before a dingy brownstone building.

As I paid the fare I got an impression of a pair of threatening eyebrows glimpsed behind the window of another taxi which passed at that moment.

What Fleurette called her apartment was a living-room during the day and a bedroom at night.

But something—a touch, a difference—had transformed it. This box of a room was a lady's boudoir. There were flowers. The simple furnishing had taste.

I was amazed to see a Meissonier on the wall, a group of cavaliers posed before the gate of a chateau. On the gate pillar I made out a coat-of-arms. I picked up a glowing miniature set in delicate filigree. The same crest was worked into the gold mounting.

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Are you Sure?

By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ONE thing you can say about Clyde and Ella Harris. They certainly are a source of contentment for others. After an evening at Clyde and Ella's, you notice couples leaving arm in arm, feeling pretty good about each other.

And in the street during the short pause while men get out their car keys and the women remind one another of next Wednesday afternoon at three, somebody will say, "Poor Clyde." A wife will remind her husband, "You think you've got it rough." He will grin and admit he could have done worse. "He was always such an easygoing fellow," somebody will say. The answer to that is that that's why he takes it.

Then somebody always mentions that trip to Langton, which is good for a laugh as we drive off.

Personally, I think Clyde and Ella are a very happy couple. But I've learned not to argue the point. All I get is that knowing look. Well, I admit, Clyde did beat me with Ella. She married him instead of me. But that's over, and so is what I felt for Ella. And it's not merely a case of taking fiendish pleasure in seeing Clyde on the rack. I'm just saying there's a Jill for every Jack.

Okay, take that trip to Langton. I know something about that. I got involved in it.

That was shortly after they'd moved into the new house. Over the long week-end—Monday was a holiday—they'd planned to get the lawn in. But when Clyde rang up on Friday afternoon to arrange for hiring a roller, he found that the equipment had already been reserved for the week-end.

"Clyde, I told you to arrange for that stuff early this week," Ella said. "I should have done it myself, and made sure."

Clyde shrugged. He wasn't one to worry. "Why do we have to put the lawn in this week, anyhow?"

"What's more important?"

"We've been tied down to the place. Why don't we just take off and go away somewhere?"

"Where?"

"How about dropping in on Bill and Elaine in Langton?"

So they packed up that night and got off in good time next morning, nothing planned ahead, the sort of trip you always have the most fun on.

They stopped for breakfast. As they ate, Ella said, "Clyde, did you lock up the house?"

"You watched me do it."

"As long as we're sure." Presently she looked about. "My purse! Did I leave it in the car? Did you lock the car?" Almost immediately she found the purse beside her on the bench.

She looked through it, making sure she hadn't forgotten her sun-glasses and address book, the extra car key she always carried in case Clyde lost his, and other things she'd made sure of a dozen times before.

"Clyde, we ought to do this oftener," she said. "Just pack up and go and forget everything for a couple of days. Clyde——"

"What?"

"You know, we could lose everything. I've heard of people who watch. Particularly with new houses, before you get to know the neighbors. They wait until you're out, and then back up a truck and simply strip everything to the bare walls. It's happened while people have just stepped out to go to the grocer's.

"We've got the best locks money can buy."

"Yes; but did you lock up? Are you sure?"

"You were there when I locked the door. You looked up and down the street to make sure nobody was watching while I dropped the key in the letterbox."

"But that was the front door, Clyde. What about the back?"

"I locked it from inside. Then I went through the house checking the windows, and locked the front door as I came out."

She said, "I wonder if we ought to give Bill and Elaine a ring. Maybe they'll have visitors, or be away, or have something else planned. There's a phone over there. We could just say hello and tell them we'll be dropping in."

"And put them to a lot of fuss getting ready and planning ahead," he said. "We'll just pop in. Take things as they are. You always have more fun that way."

"Yes, you're right. I'm just a fusspot."

When they went out to the car, she said, "The worst part about it, we don't know the neighbors. And they don't know us. Clyde, it's still early. I'd rather be safe than sorry. I'll never know a minute's peace until I'm sure those doors are locked. And anyhow, I didn't bring anything for the beach. We might be swimming, and I'll have to buy a whole new outfit. It'll be Sunday with everything closed, and I'll have to borrow things."

Clyde clashed the gears as he headed back home. The front door, the back door, and the windows were securely fastened. Ella got the things she'd need for the beach, ironed them, and they started off again. It was no longer an early start. It was past midnight when they reached Langton.

Ella said, "We can't just pop in on Bill and Elaine at this hour, when they're not expecting us."

"All right; we should have phoned ahead."

"I didn't mean it that way, Clyde."

They spent an hour finding a second-rate hotel which could put them up. They were tired from the long day, and Clyde's eyes were smarting from night driving.

They went to bed and he was going to sleep when she said, "Clyde." He pretended to be asleep. She nudged him. "Clyde."

"Huh?"

"Did I pull out the iron cord?"

He took a long breath. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Ella."

"I was ironing my blue slacks and you kept saying let's get going. I was trying to hurry."

"It's my fault."

"Clyde, I'm sure something awful has happened at home," Ella cried.

"Now, Clyde. I felt awful, making you drive back home for nothing. After all, I could have borrowed something from Elaine if we went swimming. I made you lose your early start. I left the board down with the iron on it to cool. But did I pull the cord out?"

"Of course you pulled the cord out."

"How do you know?"

"Ella, if there's one thing you are, it's careful. You never leave taps running or——"

"Taps running?" she said quickly. "Do you think——?"

"Wait a minute; take it easy," he broke in. "That's just an example. You're always careful about things, like taps and the gas and rugs people might trip over and putting sharp knives in the drawer with the handles out. You never in your life left an electric iron plugged in."

"There's always a first time."

"Forget it."

"I wish I was sure."

"Forget it," he said firmly. "And if you did leave it on, let it stay on."

He went to sleep. Practically.

"Clyde," she said, in a small, meek voice, cuddling close to him.

He grunted.

"Clyde, you've got every right to be angry. It's all my fault. I'm not blaming you. We never should have gone back. Do you think it would burn the house down? Our new house?"

"No," he growled. "And, anyhow, you didn't leave it on."

"You don't know. I was using the iron. For the life of me I can't remember pulling out that cord. Clyde, what would it do?"

"It all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"Run the bill up, I suppose. Maybe burn the iron out. We're here now and let's forget it."

"But what if I didn't leave it on the stand?"

"Ella, be sensible. Of course it's on the stand."

"But I felt so bad about making you come back. I was in a hurry. What if I left it sitting there on the board? Couldn't it get hot enough to start a fire? It isn't the kind that keeps a certain temperature. It just keeps on getting hotter and hotter. I've been wanting a new iron. One of the kind that won't—"

"All right, it's my fault."

"Now, Clyde. We've been saving for the new house. It's all my fault. You don't know how dreadful I feel. We've done without things and now we've got the place and I burn it down!"

She began to cry.

Slowly, Clyde sat up. "Okay," he said, "we'll go back."

She kept on crying.

He said, "Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Clyde, I—know it's silly. You're probably right. But we're not sure. Maybe we could phone somebody."

"Who? We don't know anybody in the neighborhood."

"What about Don?"

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By EDWIN LANHAM

Together they looked back at the little "joint" that had come to mean so much to them.

WHEN Jack and Agatha got back to Leo's Place the crowd had thinned. They went into the office and Walter brought them Manhattans. Agatha suggested that they have something to eat, and called in Joe, the short-order cook.

He had some nice sirloins in the icebox, Joe said, and he'd fix some French fries. While they were waiting for the steaks the telephone rang.

Agatha picked up the telephone and said, "Hello."

A low voice said, "Aggie? This is Lefty. Look, you don't want to take this business to the Athletic Commission."

"Yes, I do," Agatha said.

Lefty's voice changed. There was no self-confidence in it. There was a note of panic. "Aggie, I was just mad. I wasn't thinking. But I wasn't gonna throw that fight. I swear I wasn't."

"You'd better save that for the Commission, Lefty," Agatha said.

"But, Aggie, I swear if I get the chance I'll go in there and win that fight."

"I don't think Monte Wharton would like that, Lefty."

"But I didn't promise anything."

Agatha said, "Have you talked to Oscar?"

He said, uneasily, "Yeah, we talked."

"Did you telephone Monte Wharton?"

"Now see here, Aggie——" he began.

Agatha hung up.

A moment later the telephone rang again, and it was Oscar calling.

"He busted out of the house, Aggie," Oscar said. "I got an idea he went up to see Monte Wharton."

"I see," Agatha said. "So at least we know which side he's on."

Oscar said, "Aggie, you gonna take it to the Commission?"

"I intend to," Agatha said.

"That means they'll call off the fight. That means Lefty will lose his licence. He'll be washed up in the fight game."

"Lefty should have thought of that."

"That's right," Oscar said. "He should of. I'm with you, Aggie, right down the line. When you go to the Commission in the morning, give me a call. We'll go together."

Agatha put the receiver gently back on the hook, and turned to Jack. But he had left the office. She had not heard him leave.

Joe, the cook, brought the steaks, and a moment later Jack returned. Agatha told him what Oscar had said, and he shrugged. "Well, we'll see."

They had finished the steaks and were having coffee when the telephone rang again, and this time it was Monte Wharton's low-pitched, familiar voice saying, "That you, Miss Christopher?"

"Yes."

"Say, what's all the fuss about? You got the wrong idea."

"Have I, Mr. Wharton?" Agatha said.

"You're way off the beam," Monte said. "Look, the boy wanted a little dough to buy his girl a restaurant, and I talked him into selling a share of his earnings. He tells me you got the idea there was some kind of a fix."

"I think the Athletic Commission will agree with me on that, Mr. Wharton."

"Now look here," Monte said, "I tell you everything is on the up and up, but you take it to the Commission and there'll be trouble. You'll just get your fighter in trouble, Miss Christopher."

"My fighter's already in trouble," Agatha said.

There was a pause, then Monte said, "Let's get together and talk this over. Why don't you drop in at the Club Pigalle, Miss Christopher?"

"If you want to talk to me," Agatha said, "I'm here in my bar." She dropped the receiver on the hook and looked at Jack.

"That sounds provocative. I think he'll come down, Agatha."

"And then what do I do, Jack?"

"In a very nice way," he said, "intimate that you're rather a greedy girl. Intimate that you don't like a fight being fixed behind your back. Suggest that you're entitled to some consideration yourself." He got up. "I'm going to leave now."

"Leave? Jack, you can't!"

"I won't be far away," he said. "But I don't want to be seen here."

Half an hour after Jack had left, Agatha heard footsteps approaching her door. There was a knock, and Walter's low voice said, "Couple of guys to see you, Aggie."

She pushed back the swinging door. One of the men was Monte Wharton. The other was a larger man with a bluish chin and small, dark eyes. Agatha called, "Come on back, Mr. Wharton."

They both approached the door, and Monte looked into the office, then glanced back towards the kitchen, where Joe, the cook, was making a prodigious clatter with dishes at the sink.

"Where do we talk?" Monte said.

"In here," Agatha said, and led the way into the office. The other man followed and Agatha said, "We're a little cramped here for three people, Mr. Wharton."

"Oh, Petey will keep out of the way."

"And I'd rather not have witnesses," Agatha said.

His eyes flicked towards her. He turned his head and said, "Petey, wait outside at the bar. Keep an eye on the joint." He closed the door.

Facing him in the narrow office, Agatha was nervous. He sat down, brought out his silver cigarette-case, and took out a cigarette. Agatha said, "Couldn't you find somebody else's fighter to muscle in on?"

He said, with serious expression, "I like your fighter, Miss Christopher. He's gonna go places."

"Flat on his back?" said Agatha.

"Now, I told you you had the wrong idea about that."

"Have I?" Agatha said, with a sarcastic inflection. "Now, listen to me, Mr. Wharton. It's cost me a good deal of money promoting Lefty Langan. I've brought him to the point now where I can cash in. But I can't cash in when he's flat on his back."

Monte grinned, but said nothing.

"So let's not beat around the bush," Agatha said. "This fight is fixed, and I know it. I've been looking at the odds. I believe it's 1 to 3 on Manolo now."

There was a short pause. Monte was tapping his cigarette thoughtfully on the table, then he said, "Why don't you make a bet, Miss Christopher, if you want to cash in?"

"Bet against my own fighter?"

"It's been done," he said.

"No, Mr. Wharton," Agatha said. "As things stand now there won't be any fight, because I'm going to the Commission in the morning."

"I wouldn't do that."

"Wouldn't you?" Agatha said. "Well, I'm not going to be played for a sucker, Mr. Wharton. I'm not going to have my own fighter bought off behind my back. I've got an investment and I intend to protect it."

Monte still showed his irritating smile. He still tapped the cigarette.

"Let's put our cards on the table, Mr. Wharton," Agatha said. "You want to fix the fight. All right. I don't like that kind of thing. I'm against it. But if you're going to fix that fight, I've got to have my share."

He looked at her, laughed, and said; "Who you kidding? You need dough like you need a hole in the head."

FINAL INTRIGUING INSTALMENT OF OUR POPULAR ROMANTIC SERIAL

Agatha's temper flared.

"You cheap tinhorn gambler!" she cried. "Get out of here. I'm going to the Commision in the morning, and I'll stop the fight. I don't care whether Lefty loses his licence, because I'll see to it the Eddie Manolo loses his too, and I'll expose the part you play in—"

"Hey, wait a minute," Monte said.

"Get out," Agatha cried.

"Wait a minute," Monte said. "I didn't believe what the boy said, but maybe he was right. Maybe you're on the level."

"You had your chance to settle this," Agatha said. "That's all Mr. Wharton. Good-night."

"Miss Christopher, you're quite a dame." He grinned at her. "You're hard to figure, you Park Avenue dames. So you want to cash in, do you? How about Oscar Gumper?"

"I'm talking for Oscar, too."

"How much?"

Agatha had not thought about sums. She said off-hand, "Fifty thousand."

"Fifty grand?" Monte said. "You're kind of ambitious, aren't you?"

"You want Lefty to throw the fight, don't you?" Agatha said. "It will cost him his shot at the title. Fifty thousand is cheap for that."

"He'll get his shot at the title later," Monte said. "Eddie will give him a fight."

"I'm wondering," Agatha said, "if Lefty is knocked out again by Eddie Manolo, what chance has he got?"

"There wouldn't be no knockout, Miss Christopher," Monte said smoothly. "The idea is your boy drops the decision, that's all. He takes it easy and Eddie jabs him to death."

Agatha gave a mirthless grin. "Maybe I don't know much about fights, Mr. Wharton, but I'm not exactly simple. What's more, I know enough to know that I'm sitting in the driver's seat, and fifty thousand is my price. If you want this fight fixed, you'll pay me fifty thousand dollars."

His eyes small, Monte said, "I got no interest in fixing this fight, Miss Christopher. I'm just interested in my boy, Manolo. I want Eddie to fight the champ, but I don't want it fifty thousand dollars' worth."

"The question before the house," Agatha said, "is whether I go to the Commission in the morning."

"Now look here," he said. "You want to protect your investment you said. Ten grand will protect your investment, Miss Christopher, and that's as high as I go." He smiled at her.

"You're right, you got me over a barrel," he went on, "and I tell you what. If Lefty goes in there tomorrow night and takes his licking, I'll pay you ten grand after the fight."

"I'll take twenty thousand," Agatha said. "And I'll take it now."

He shrugged. "I don't carry that kind of dough around in my pocket."

"You want insurance, you say," Agatha said. "Well, I want some little token myself. You pay me half now."

Monte sat for a time looking at her, the tip of his tongue moistening his lips, then he reached into his pocket and took out an envelope. He tossed it on the desk.

"There's ten grand in there," he said. "Want to count it?"

There was a knock at the door and Monte jerked his head around. Agatha said, "Who is it?"

"The cook, Miss. Got some dishes in there"

Agatha said, "Yes, Joe, come in."

The door opened cautiously, and a man in an apron entered, but he was not Joe, the short-order cook. He was a heavy-set man with a square jaw and bright, amused eyes. He grinned at Monte Wharton and said, "Hi, Monte." Then he reached out and took the envelope from Agatha's hand.

"I'm Lieutenant Miller, from the district attorney's office," he said. "You're under arrest, Monte."

Monte Wharton was on his feet. "For what?"

"This is a nice, thin partition here," Lieutenant Miller said. "I took down every word you said, Monte. I guess you've heard it's against the law to fix a fight."

Monte's face was pale, and the glance he turned on Agatha was one of cold astonishment.

"A Park Avenue dame," he said. "An amateur." He laughed angrily and said, "Lieutenant, this whole thing was a gag. I was just having some fun with the dame."

The lieutenant opened the envelope and riffled the bills with his fingertips. "That's pretty expensive fun, Monte," he said.

. . . . . .

It was a long night for Agatha. She went down to the district attorney's office with Jack and waited interminably in an assistant's office. She did not see Lefty Langan, but Jack told her he was there, with Oscar, and was being questioned.

At last her own deposition was briefly taken by a harried assistant district attorney, who asked her detailed questions about her interview with Monte Wharton, but only showed perfunctory interest in Lefty Langan. The important question was whether she knew if Lefty had agreed to fix the fight.

Agatha said that the only facts she knew were that Monte Wharton had paid Lefty ten thousand dollars and Lefty had insisted it represented payment for a share of his earnings.

One o'clock had passed by the time she left the district attorney's office with Jack, and by that time the reporters knew the story and she faced a barrage of flash bulbs. Jack hurried her through to a cab and they escaped.

"You should take a sleeping pill and go to bed," he said.

"I couldn't sleep," Agatha murmured. "Not possibly. Not until I know what's happened. Jack, let's go to Leo's Place."

There were already thick headlines in the papers, and Si Kraft was reading one at the bar that said: AGGIE FOILS FIX.

Please turn to page 36

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AT THE NICEST STORES . . . 12/9

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Anything but LOVE

By . . .
GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

FEELING very sorry for himself, Bill stood looking out of the window at the river. He had expected the party to be dull, but not like this. Even at the dullest of parties he was never alone, never out of things. In fact, this was the first time in his well-adjusted, extroverted life that he could ever remember being out of anything.

Behind him, people milled and talked, unnoticing. A dozen different languages were tossed carelessly back and forth around the room, and he understood none of them.

"You'll get along all right," Dwight had told him. "You've had six years of French, haven't you? Most of them speak either French or English."

But he couldn't find anyone who spoke English. He couldn't, after the first few minutes, find Dwight, whom he had seen going out the door with a statuesque redhead, murmuring to her in one of the nine languages he spoke fluently.

And when Bill tried his French on a short, bald gentleman with a tricolor ribbon across his expansive front, he was rewarded with a rapid-fire gabble out of which he could distinguish only one word, "magnifique," repeated several times.

"Oui," Bill said, nodding brightly, "Magnifique, indeed." And escaped to his post by the window, to brood on six wasted years of French irregular verbs, and a wasted evening at this U.N. party.

He could not remember now how Dwight had persuaded him to come in the first place, but persuasion was Dwight's stock in trade. That, and his peculiar talent for languages, had secured him his job with the Secretariat. He was only a kind of minor clerk, but he went around acting like a delegate, and most people thought he was somebody important.

Bill, who had gone to school with him, and June, Dwight's wife, were about the only ones who knew different, but they were both very fond of him in spite of his airs.

At the moment, however, Bill was not fond of Dwight at all; on the contrary, he felt that there was no one whom he hated so intensely. Dwight had left him alone in this Tower of Babel, after borrowing all the money he had on him so that now it was impossible for him to leave unless he wanted to walk six miles home, which he emphatically did not.

He had tried to borrow the fare from one of the guests, but he had given up after the third man he approached looked at him threateningly and fingered a knife stuck in his sash.

A tug slid by on the river and hooted at him.

"That's right," Bill said aloud. "Go ahead and hoot. I'm past caring."

A voice inquired softly, "Are you speaking to me?"

He whirled so quickly that he almost knocked over a teakwood stand covered with tiny porcelain figurines. He was not built for whirling among porcelain, rather, for pivoting on the baseball field.

The girl noted this with a frankly admiring glance. She looked up and smiled appreciatively at his thick, sun-bleached hair, and his sun-tanned skin.

They smiled at each other, and walked away from the window together.

"You are a typical American, are you not?" she said finally.

He said nothing. He had never been struck dumb by a girl before, and perhaps under different circumstances he would not have been so affected by this one. But to hear her speak the first familiar words he had heard for almost two hours, since Dwight had left the room, and then, in the grip of the blackest mood he could ever remember, to see her!

She was little, with a small, pointed face and dark, heavily fringed eyes that looked brown at first glance but turned out to be a deep, almost violet blue.

Bill stared at her, his heart thudding, and tried to work out what she was. She spoke English without an accent, yet she emphasised her words a little oddly, in a way that seemed neither American nor British.

"Hello!" he said at last, weakly.

She laughed. "Hello!" she said.

"You are a typical American, aren't you?" the girl asked, with engaging frankness.

"Are you one of the American delegates?"

"Me? Golly, no." All at once he felt better, more himself. He grinned.

"Until you came along, I couldn't communicate with a person in this room, even by sign language. That's why I was talking to the boat."

"But there are many English-speaking people here."

He shrugged. "They certainly kept out of my way."

"Come, then." She held out her hand. "I will introduce you."

He took her hand, but he did not move. "Never mind," he said. "Introduce me to you, and I'll introduce you to me, and let's let the other United Nations get together in their own way."

He could not remember how or when they got away from the party, but presently they were sitting on a bench in the park. She told him her name was Faith, and wrinkled her nose in disgust.

"Such a solemn name, is it not? But my parents were missionaries. That explains it."

"Faith," he said. "It's a beautiful name. Missionaries? From what country?" He was conscious of talking jerkily, monotonously, as in a dream, but he could not seem to stop. "Where were you born, Faith?"

She laughed. "In Wahoo, Kansas," she said.

"In Wa—where? You mean here in this country? Kansas, U.S.A.?" He stared at her. "You're kidding. Golly, you don't even talk like an American. You couldn't have come from any such place as Wahoo, Kansas. I've never heard of it."

"Did you ever hear of a place called Hunan? No? Well, you see there are many places of which you have not heard. Hunan is in the Orient, and I was raised there, from a tiny child, after my parents died in a hurricane. I have never been back here until a few weeks ago, when I secured a secretarial position with the United Nations."

She spoke precisely, but her mouth, forming the words, was soft and smiling. "Now I have introduced myself," she said.

Please turn to page 40

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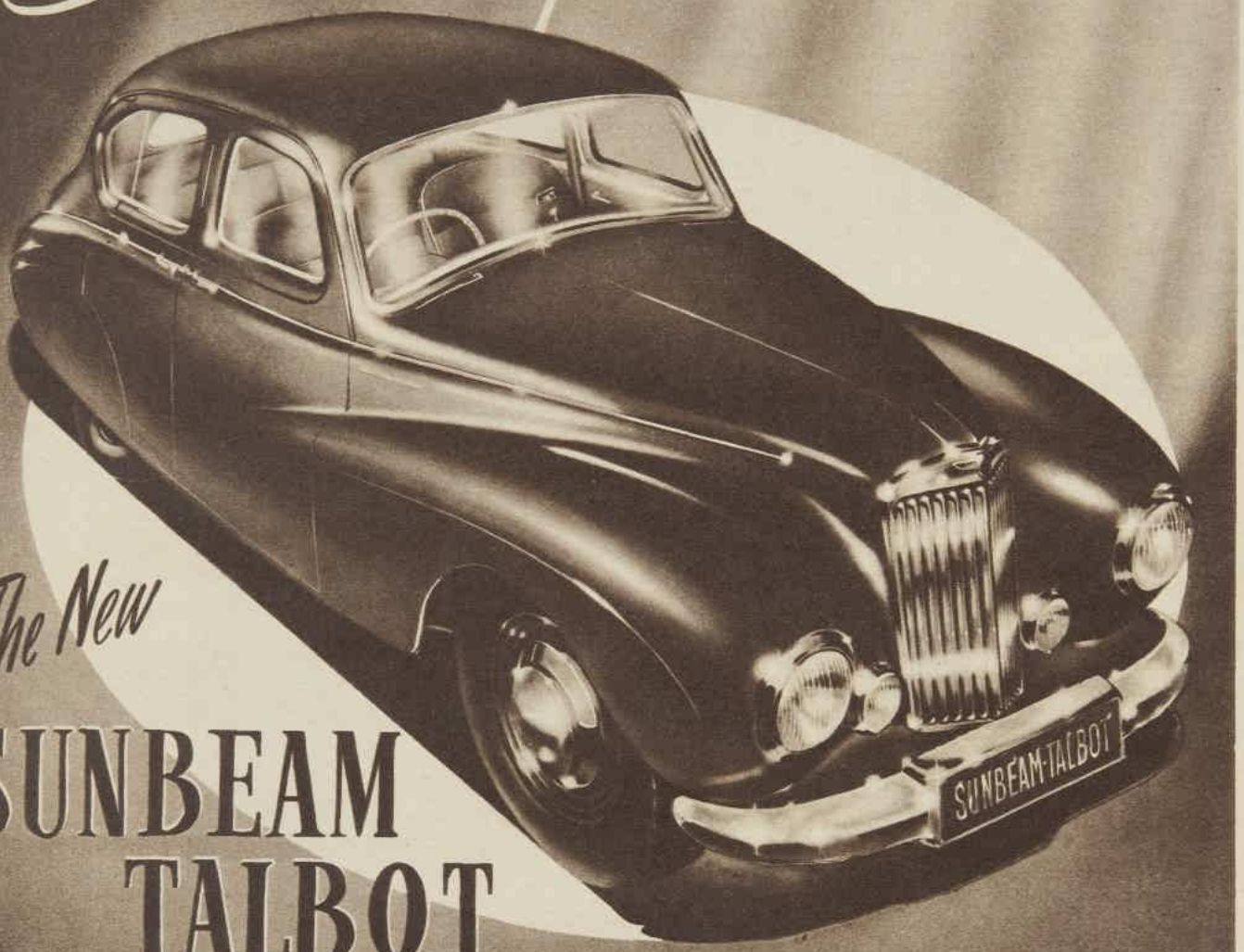

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Daytime trio . . .

● NINA RICCI makes her grey tailleur with tubular skirt and gives it hip importance with a sling pocket. She teams it with a full-swinging, thigh-length coat with deep arm-holes so much in favor. Worn by Colette.

POCKETS, straight narrow skirts, swathing, and a bolero are all good fashion news this season, and are shown in these elegant afternoon ensembles which Australians are seeing in our 1949 Paris Fashion Parades. On the cover Denise wears a superb Dior glamor evening gown.

● MARCEL ROCHAS gives a cunning interpretation of the bolero, which has come into high favor again. His version is extremely abbreviated and matches his cotton frock, giving it a more dressy look. Worn by Denise.

● PAQUIN swathes the bodice of the tie-silk afternoon frock, at left, gives it below-elbow sleeves, and allows the skirt to fall in a soft flare, giving only moderate fullness. Swathing gives an asymmetrical look. Worn by Denise.

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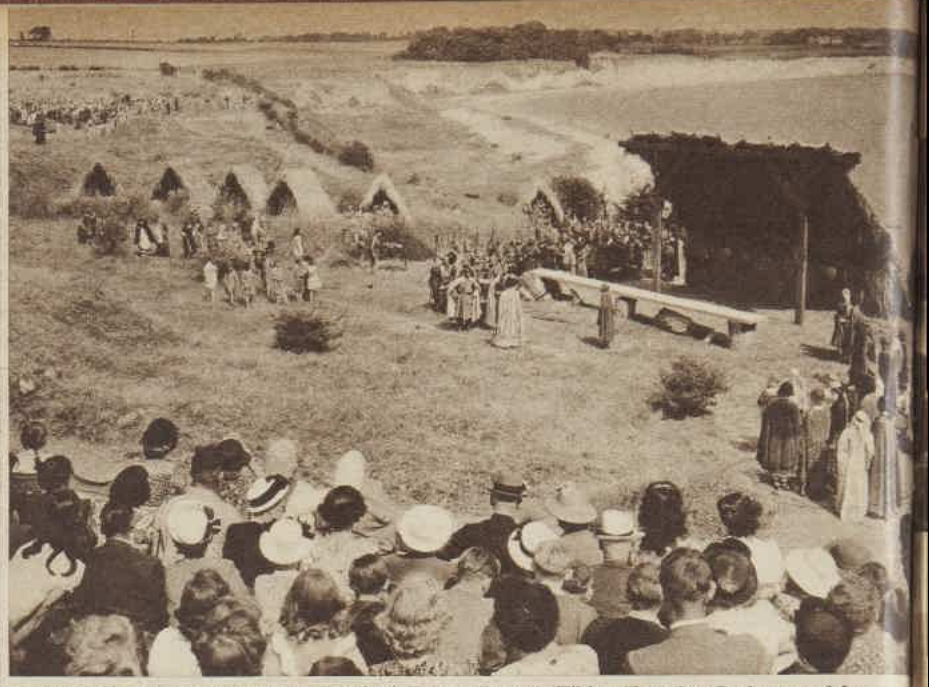
FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES



CAULDRON of mead borne by "ancient Britons" greets Viking "invaders," who rowed from Denmark to Britain, and landed at Ebbsfleet, Kent, in imitation of invasion of 449.

Vikings invade England again

TOWNSPEOPLE feted invaders, but all the inhabitants were not charmed. Christine Saddler of Ilford refused to be cajoled into friendship with an invader, Ulf Kaarsberg.

VIKINGS from Denmark staged a mock invasion of Britain after rowing their Viking ship 600 miles across the North Sea, in ten days, in imitation of the feat of their ancestors who invaded Britain in 449, the year from which English history dates.

The Vikings of 1949 landed near the place their ancestors came ashore, at Ipswinfleet, now Ebbsfleet, on the shores of the Isle of Thanet, Ramsgate, Kent.

No invasion could have been more welcome than this burlesque.

Thirty thousand welcoming Britons in holiday mood turned out to meet the invaders.

The Danes of 449 frightened the Britons of the day away from the goats they were herding into their mud huts, but the modern Sons of Wodin, who swept ashore waving battle-axes and wearing helmets and carmine cloaks, had to be protected by police from autograph hunters.

They bore some of the hardships of their doughty forebears on the ten days' row, but when they wore the seats out of their pants on the trip modern transport methods enabled replacements to be flown out to them.

ROWED by leading Danish oarsmen, including Olympic representatives, the Viking ship Hugin glides up Ramsgate Harbor for civic welcome, first of many festivities for invaders.

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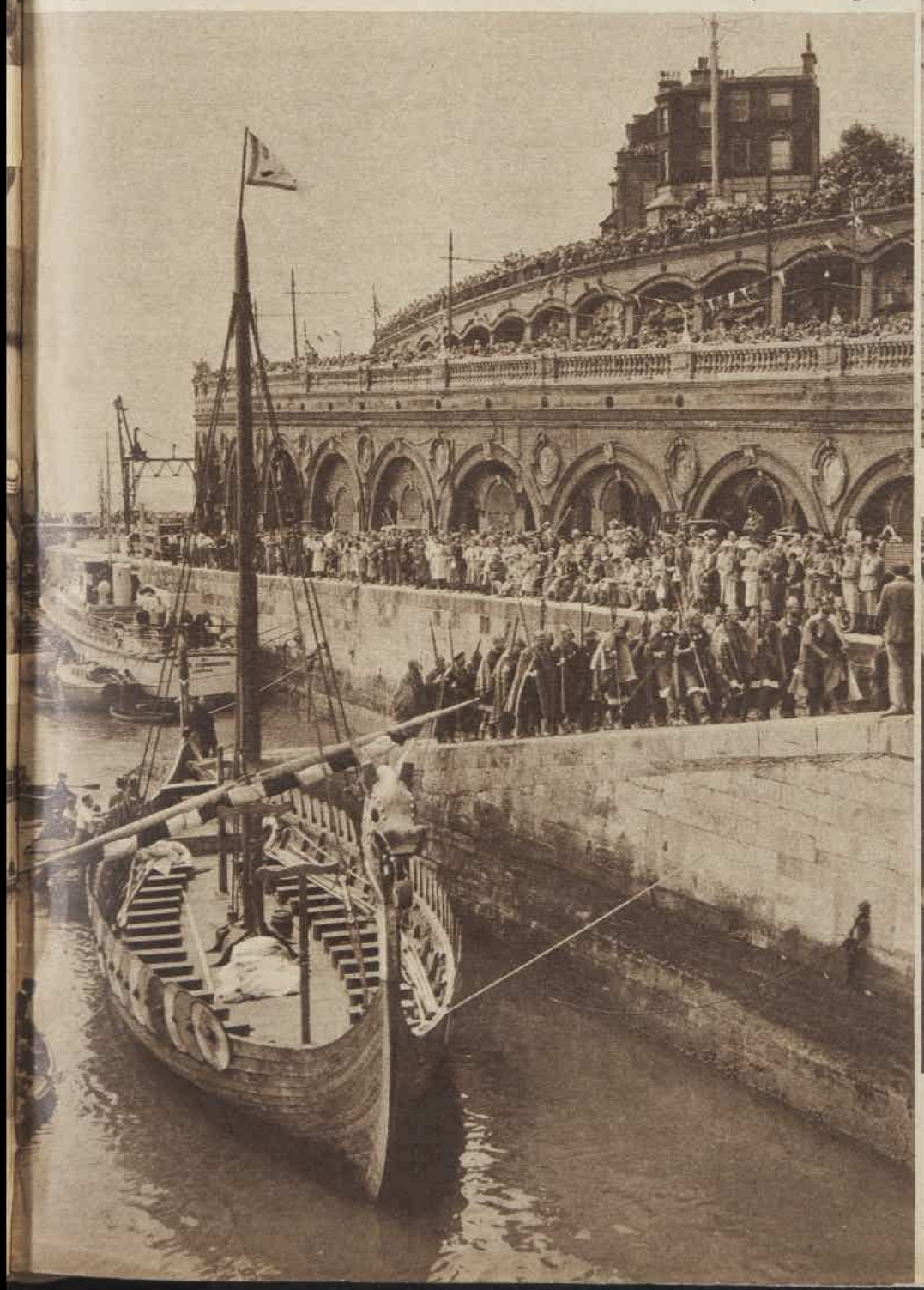
KENTISH KITCHENS soon lure invaders. Haakon Bjornbak watches Mrs. Triniman prepare supper. Townspeople accommodate invaders.

LANDING OF VIKINGS at Broadstairs was watched by Prince Georg of Denmark, seen congratulating bearded captain of expedition, Eric Kiersgaard.

CAPTIVES Barbara Hilton and Elsa Rowley of Bolton, Lancs., don't seem perturbed as they are borne off by Viking Jorgan Balschmidt.



SISTERLY greeting for Viking brother from Mrs. R. Jorgensen, whose husband helped to organise the invasion at the British end.

VIKINGS coming ashore (left) at Ramsgate for ceremonial welcome by the Mayor, Prince Georg, and excited holiday-makers.

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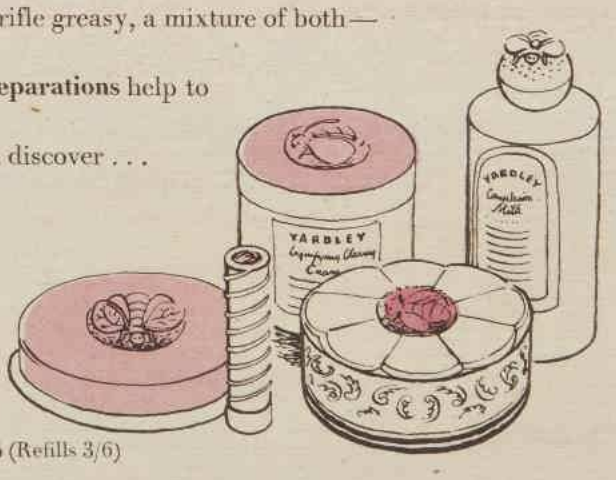

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Rene Suggests

LITTLE COATS

● The cape-backed stole, at left, is caught under the belt and features two whopper hip pockets. Have it in wool for daytime wear, and velvet for night.

● Over a topless, lace-bodiced evening gown wear the tiniest matching lace bolero, at right, which is little more than two sleeves and just covers the bare top at the back and shoulders.

● Over the sun-top dress, at left, add the briefest bolero, with only cap sleeves, but numerous buttons and buttonholes.

● Waist-length wool jacket, above, has stiffened flared back, three-quarter sleeves, wide cuffs, stand-up collar.

● The bolero, above, has a flared back, is long-sleeved and is outlined with buttons for trimming.

● Short, bulky wool jacket, at left, has wide, cuffed sleeves, tuxedo collar, and buttons.

● Attractive wool or velvet top, far left, is really a stole with sleeves, has a rolled, padded edge, and tucks under the belt.

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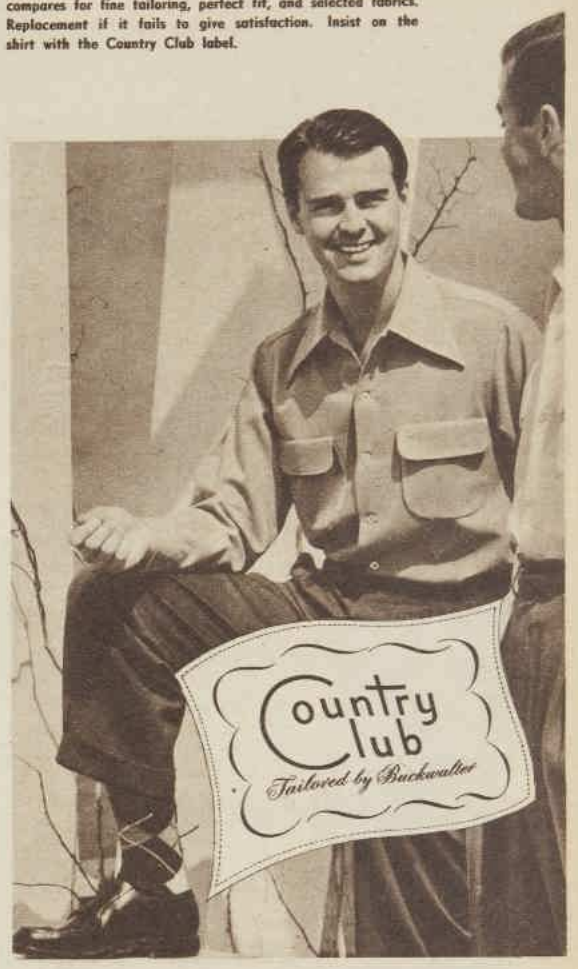

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Television holds home audiences spellbound

Viewers say little blue screen exercises almost hypnotic power over them

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

For you who count your blessings, another blessing is upon you. You are to have television in Australia. Is it going to brighten your lives? Undoubtedly. Why, yes!

Ah, but is it going to simplify your lives?—Certainly not!

I HAVE been watching television for some time in England, and for me the bluish stare of a television screen in a darkened room has developed an hypnotic power. It seats me in a chair and chains me there. It lets the rest of the world go by while I watch. I try to get up and can't.

I have got behind with my reading and neglected my friends.

Roughly, 120,000 television-set owners in Britain have had similar experiences. They call themselves viewers, in their brand-new television magazines.

The television set has become their window on the world, through which they remark the progress of Kings, the defeat of champions, the drama of the unpredictable, the moment that becomes history, the visual poetries of ballet, sport, nature, and pageantry.

The whole teeming wide world is brought on to a little blue screen—you can watch it while you are doing the washing-up.

A television aerial placed at a high, well-chosen spot near each of the capital cities would ensure that television will reach more than two-thirds of Australia's population.

Each mast services a radius of at least 60 miles. The higher the mast, the farther it can send its programme.

Britain beams out its television programme from the heights of Muswell Hill, where a great transmitter rears its spiky meccano shape from the tower of Alexandra Palace.

Here there is a quaint marriage of the ancient and the new. The palace, rambling and hideous, its grimy glass domes peppered with holes, wears its dilapidation with the calm of an eccentric dressed in rags. It surveys the best view of Greater London.

Inside, it is another world—bright with lights and filled with urgency.

It is cramped, too. You wear your elbows close to your sides, and walk half sideways down narrow corridors, past scene-shifters, round script men loitering near a door for an impromptu conference, past a tea trolley thick with clients. It is like a film studio compressed into a quarter of the space.

But there are more hazards and more haste than in any film studio.

A film is carefully built, scene by scene, on a vast studio floor with an army of technicians who barber it, manicure it, polish its least little detail.

But a television play is filmed without interruption. A hitch, and it can dissolve into complete chaos.

Poised over his control switch, alert for the muffed line, watching sets, cameras, and actors at the same time, the producer of a television play is a juggler as well as an artist, one who must combine perfect balance with perfect timing, and, above all, remain monumentally calm. The tension in a television studio rarely hovers more than an inch away from breaking point.

Television plays, which wed the theatre with films in points of technique, are perhaps the most remarkable productions of this new medium. Plays are rehearsed for a fortnight before the production goes on the air. That is only enough in any normal play to get the actors well into their parts.

LATEX RUBBER mask for actress playing one of the witches in a television performance of "Macbeth." Behind her is George More O'Ferrall, producer, and other members of the cast.

But so short is studio space in British television studios that final camera rehearsals, with all their complicated pattern of movement from scene to scene round the studio, are only possible on the day of the performance itself.

That last day, when the play is due on the air in the evening, is a bedlam. It starts in utter chaos and emerges by way of miracle succeeding miracle into a suave and ordered piece which beguiles us for an hour and a half and betrays little or nothing of the madness in which it was conceived.

Down in the property department scenic artists are designing and constructing sets for each production.

Sets must not only be constructed realistically, but cheaply, for their brief moment on the air.

Property men trundle these sets off large freight lifts and set them up in different corners of the studio.

For a play there might be ten to a dozen sets dotted about in two or three studios. Three cameras train on to different sets about the room. In the control-room of a television studio you can see them on three different screens — the scene actually being transmitted, the other two which are "waiting."

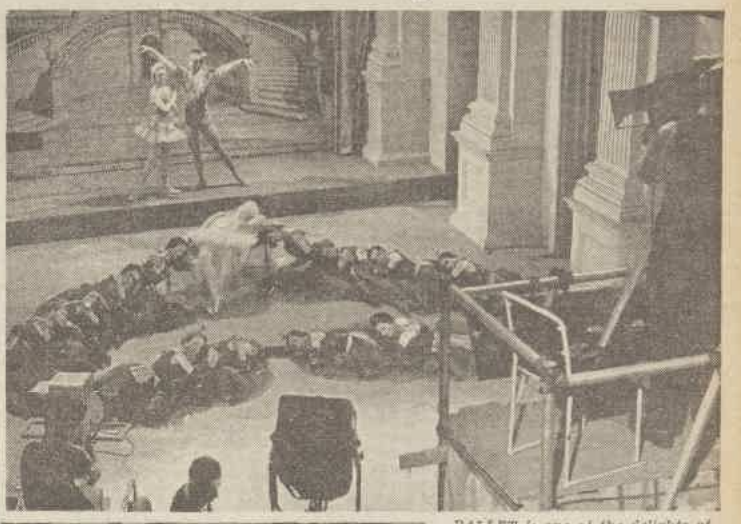
At the touch of a switch the screen can flash from an image of a woman lighting a cigarette in a train to a man scrubbing his toes in a bath.

Hysterical rehearsals

THEY were doing precisely this on the day that I was in the studios. The play to be televised was "The Case of Mrs. Clare."

Rehearsals were in their last and most hysterical stage.

Two actors, a young man-about-town and his butler, stood over a bureau in a dining-room and argued. While the camera drifted towards them for a close-up, workers hurrying about on fairy feet rolled two other cameras silently towards their new positions—facing a bathroom and a railway carriage.



BALLET is one of the delights of television. Here dancers from the Theatre National de l'Opera in Paris are televised in London.

POWERFUL TELEPHOTO LENSES follow racing detail transmitted to television screens. These operate as long as daylight lasts, generally after ordinary newsreel cameras have packed up and departed.

CHILDREN fascinated by toys in a West End store are televised, and adults throughout the country are entertained by a glimpse of them.

A pretty girl with her face made up to a light suntan sat down in the railway carriage set, patted her curls, and waited for her cue. Suddenly the argument on the dining-room set ended.

I watched the switch-over in the control cabin as this scene on the control dial faded out and the pretty girl came into view, accepting a light from an unseen friend.

"I don't think I'll tell my husband I met you on the train," she said, leaning back and puffing away. "He mightn't like it."

And so on to the bathroom, a pretty domestic scene where the husband, poor cuckold, was gaily scrubbing his toes . . .

One of the most experienced drama producers in British television, Harold Clayton, was casting his actors and preparing to adapt "The Devil's Disciple," with which television honored George Bernard Shaw on his recent 93rd birthday.

Clayton has sleek, greying hair, a Barrymore profile, and an intense, decisive air.

"All these sets are built for one performance and then discarded," he said. "Colossal waste, what? Ah, yes, television's an expensive business. You can't afford many sets for a play; and, anyhow, you wouldn't have the space for them. It's a mad business, too. Look, it's making me go grey.

"There's magnificent scope in it for bright people. The whole world is your studio. You are not limited to filming your play on the studio floor. If you want to put in a speeding car, or a bit of a scuffle on the wing of an aeroplane, all you have to do is hunt up a suitable strip of film and dovetail it.

"There's nothing to stop you except a few more technical snarls—and we eat those for breakfast, lunch, and dinner," he said.

Enormous audiences

NIGHT on the television waves is the time for the stars, when the family is at home, and the television audience swells to nearly half a million. Margaret Lockwood, Alastair Sim, Kieron Moore, John McCallum, Stewart Granger, Stephen Murray, Jean Simmons, Annabella are only a few of the stars of films who perform in television productions at a fraction of their stellar salaries.

At the height of the sporting season, television in Britain works overtime. While there is Wimbledon, or Test cricket, or the Derby, the studios remain open beyond their usual hours in the afternoon.

As once with radio, you will go along to buy a television set, paying up with reasonable cheerfulness to brighten and complicate your lives even more.

When television gets too bright and too complicated, you will again make threats to throw an axe through the confounded thing. But you won't.

Our Cover

ON our cover this week is a magnificent evening gown designed by Christian Dior and worn by French mannequin Denise Sarrault. This is one of the many striking high style evening gowns included among more than 100 original models from leading French fashion houses chosen for our Paris Fashion Parades this year.

N.S.W.

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Editorial

SEPTEMBER 3, 1949

SPRING SONG

SPRING blows in this week with its enchantment of perfume and petal, bud and birdsong, coming like a healing balm to the wounds of the world.

Its wonder of rebirth is perennial. No heart is too burdened to respond to its tingling inspiration.

The countryman and his wife are rich in reminders of this seasonal joy. Their lives are encompassed in the hopes that come with new growth, the lambing, and promises of rain and warming sun.

It is possible for the pavement-bound, bricked-up city dweller to forget "the young of the year." Then suddenly a sight of quivering new green or singing color ties him again to the things that are real and elemental, and the joy is keener in surprise.

Something happens, then, to the dullest of humans. With women, it's hats—a wisp of straw and ribbon or a cartwheel shape to frame young eagerness.

The keen housewife polishes her home to shining point and yearns toward new curtains.

A man may take it out in ties or new golf clubs—that is, if he's beyond the age when in spring a young man's fancy lightly turns . . .

No one, indeed, can ignore spring.

A wayward piece of femininity, she brings one day a yawning languor and on another an impulse to gambol, expensively, in the new-decked shops.

But she's good for us. She is faith and hope and beauty, spilled out to us in riches that our own inadequacy and crassness cannot spoil.

She reaches our hearts and renews them.

EUGENIE: Last Empress of France

FAMOUS WOMEN

EVEN in the darkest days of her history, the story of France has been lightened by the tradition of beautiful and seemingly frivolous women, who, at the side of her leaders, have paraded lovely clothes in settings of fairy-tale splendor.

Among the most brilliant of them was Eugenie, last Empress of the French.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE—from a portrait by Edouard Dubufe.

THE daughter of an impoverished Spanish nobleman and a commoner of Scottish descent, Eugenie's elevation to the throne makes one of the most remarkable stories of history.

From her earliest years Eugenie was romantically dazzled by the Napoleonic legend.

Long before she met Louis Napoleon, nephew of the first Emperor, she wrote:

"I would have felt it an easy matter to lay down my life for the heir to such a name."

An old gipsy gravely told her, "You will be a queen, and you will live a hundred years."

But her first sight of Louis Napoleon was not a propitious one. She saw him through a glazed fanlight at Police Headquarters in Paris after his arrest following an attempted coup d'etat.

At this time he was still regarded as a ludicrous pretender. Eugenie found him ugly, with downcast eyes and pallid complexion, but for her he had glamor.

Her mother, the Countess de Montijo, had come to Paris to live because she revelled in cosmopolitan life—political intrigue and contact with the great.

Her ambition to make brilliant marriages for her two daughters, Eugenie and Paca, became well known in Paris.

Of the sisters, Eugenie was the beauty. Vivacious and talkative, she was well informed on world affairs. She danced a great deal, and was quick in repartee.

She was tall and slender, with tawny hair and blue eyes, somewhat closely set under shell-like lids. Her aquiline nose was a trifle austere, though delicate, and her tiny mouth was of coral-pink with an exquisite Cupid's bow.

It was not to be wondered that, in spite of the fact that she had little dowry, distinguished suitors crowded round.

Meanwhile, after various vicissitudes, Louis Napoleon had been elected as a deputy in the Assembly of France. Then he became President.

It was at a dinner party at the home of Napoleon's cousin, Mathilde, that the President first saw Eugenie, who was looking radiant in a decollete pale blue frock.

He was immediately attracted. Later on Eugene and her mother received an invitation to dinner at St. Cloud, where the Prince had taken up residence for the summer.

To their surprise they found there was only one other guest, and Louis Napoleon, who made it clear that he intended the dinner as a tribute to Eugenie by offering her his arm to go into dinner.

By a strange perversity, Eugenie, to whom this honor must have been something beyond her wildest dreams, snubbed the Prince by refusing the precedence, and saying:

"Sir, my mother is present."

This rebuff apparently cooled the President's ardor, and it was not until some time later, when she had fervently assured a confidante of Napoleon's that she would give all she possessed to assist him in his struggle for power, that she returned to favor.

During the brilliant celebrations which followed Napoleon's proclamation as Emperor, Eugenie and her mother were constantly at his side as honored guests.

There was a good deal of criticism

Napoleon was infatuated

of the Emperor's infatuation both in political circles and among more distinguished guests, who resented the precedence given to an obscure and impoverished Spanish Countess.

But none of these hostile critics dreamed of the height of Eugenie's ambitions.

They thought she was aiming at installing herself as the Pompadour of the new reign or at the most as a morganatic wife.

But the ambitious and beautiful woman, who at 26 had long passed what at that period was regarded as the marriageable age, had no intention of accepting an inferior status.

She began what was probably the most flagrant manhunt ever recorded.

One night she went to a party at the Tuileries. She entered the supper-room, but as she did so Mme de Fortoul, wife of the Minister of Education, loudly expressed resentment that an "adventuress" should take precedence over her.

Eugenie stepped back and, looking very white, replied:

"Passez, Madame."

When the Emperor after the dinner insisted on Eugenie telling him what had upset her, she said:

"This, sire, that I have been insulted under your roof this evening, and that I shall not be insulted a second time."

Faced thus with a virtual ultimatum the Emperor replied:

"To-morrow nobody will dare insult you!"

The following day the Countess and Eugenie with their friends waited for a formal proposal, but nothing came.

As the days passed Eugenie decided to retire from Paris with the remnants of her dignity, but she was persuaded to attend the ball at the Tuileries on the twelfth of January, and there to inform the Emperor of her intention.

He begged her to reconsider, but, in view of the opposition of his family and ministers which he had faced in the past few days, he hesitated to make any promise.

"I cannot stay here except on one condition," she said.

The Emperor, risking his new crown, surrendered.

"This very evening," he said, "I shall ask Madame de Montijo for your hand."

"Put it in writing," Eugenie said.

The Emperor sat down and wrote his proposal.

"Is that right?" he asked. "Are you satisfied?"

Only a few weeks later, on January 29, 1853, the marriage was celebrated at Notre Dame Cathedral after a civil ceremony the previous day.

Eugenie was a figure of wonder, and her entrance to the Cathedral would have done justice to a Hollywood film.

Descending from her coach she declined Napoleon's proffered hand, and, turning to the great multitude in the square, as though in a drawing-room, she made her court courtesy.

A great acclamation arose. Eugenie had won the heart of France as she had of its Emperor.

There is much doubt as to whether any passionate love entered into her feeling for her husband, a man 20 years older than herself, and one whose previous life had been scattered with illicit alliances.

But she did have a great respect for his sincerity and the integrity of his designs as well as her enthusiasm for the cause for which he stood.

This developed throughout the years to a strong devotion which caused her many heart pangs when the Emperor himself proved unfaithful.

She never allowed the slightest suspicion of scandal to touch her name, although in the words of one biographer, "many men worshipped her."

With the birth of an heir, Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, on March 16, 1856, the future of the dynasty was assured. She was always deeply devoted to her son.

She began to see herself as the reincarnation of the royal women of France, and of one particularly, Marie Antoinette, on whom she seemed, consciously or unconsciously, to model herself.

This instinct for self-dramatisation expressed itself in her insistence of the use of pencilled shadow on the eyelids.

Apart from this she would never use any artificial aids to beauty except a little rice powder, even when her complexion quite early in life began to fade and her face showed lines of mental suffering.

Her growing ambition for her son engendered in Eugenie the instinct for power and for a political role for which she was suited neither by training nor education.

Continued on page 27

Your Husband's Health

IN middle-age the average Australian husband has high blood pressure, indigestion, nerves, and a short temper.

He will live three and a half years less than his wife.

And, for all this, his wife is partly responsible.. She can help him to live longer by watching his diet, relaxation, and exercise.

Your husband needs exercise, but it should be regular and moderate, not concentrated into one wild day at the golf links. The number of middle-aged men being carried home from the 18th hole (no, not the 19th) is increasing.

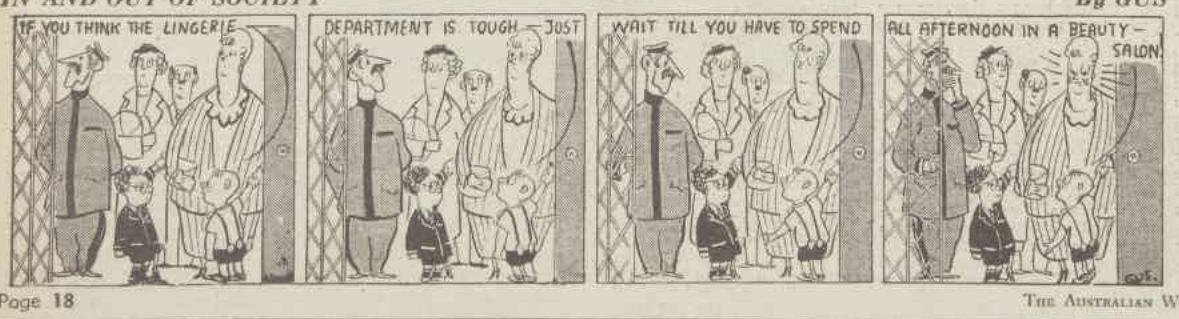
Full advice on how to keep your husband healthy is given in A.M. for September, on sale from September 1.

Also in A.M. are ten other articles, including a warning to parents, entitled "Would You Slay Your Own Child?", nine stories in pictures, and six short stories.

A.M. is the magazine for men and women.. Price is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



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IN GAY MOOD. Mrs. Reggie Gaskell dances with Mr. Sam Hordern at gala ball which opened The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion Parades at Trocadero.

IN INTERVAL. Mrs. Ernest Watt discusses frocks in parade with Mrs. Frank Packer at The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion gala ball at Trocadero. Mrs. Packer and her sister, Mrs. Mary Hordern, chose models in Paris for parades.

PAQUIN MODEL worn by Mrs. Mary Hordern (right) when she attends gala ball at Trocadero, which opens The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion Parades. Mrs. Hordern is with Madame Del Balzo, wife of the Italian Minister.

ARRIVING AT TROCADERO. Mrs. Alexis Albert (left), Mrs. Jim Ashton, and Mrs. Claude Healy arrive together at Trocadero for gala ball. Mrs. Albert's lovely draped jersey gown was designed by Lou Clavery, who came to Australia for parades last year.

Intimate Pottings

SIGHS of envy escaped lips of women guests who attended gala ball which opened The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion Parades at the Trocadero.

Sighs were not only in appreciation of lovely gowns, but also for the tiny waistlines of spectacular mannequins who modelled them.

Four lovely French girls—Denise Sarrault, Colette Schwedorffer, Dominique Bayer, with Paule Paulus, who came from Paris for last year's parades and remained in Australia—displayed glamorous French models, chosen in Paris by The Australian Women's Weekly fashion editor, Mrs. Mary Hordern, and her sister, Mrs. Frank Packer. French mannequins were joined by two lovely Australian girls, Gwen Wilkinson and Robin Stanton.

• • •

AFTER the fanfare of trumpets which announced the commencement of the parade to diners at the Trocadero, and the appearance of Colette wearing a daring Schiaparelli black satin lastex bathing suit and an outsize beach hat, all eyes were centred on the dais. Each woman in the audience seemed to be imagining just how she would look in the models and choosing the ones displayed which were her type.

• • •

CHURCH of Holy Rosary, Port Moresby, chosen by Vere Brien and James O'Malley for their marriage. Vere is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brien, of Coogee and late of Port Moresby. James is District Officer at Kerema and couple will make their home there.

SOCIETY MATRONS ATTEND GALA. Mr. George Lubovitch with Mrs. Val Fairfax, Mrs. Lennox Bode, Mrs. John Gunning, and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere as they arrive at Trocadero for parade. Matrons all wore glorious gowns and furs for occasion.

GLAMOROUS MANNEQUIN. Colette Schwedorffer, wearing French gown which she modelled in parade, sits with Arthur Browning at conclusion of parade at Trocadero. Girls were all presented with bouquets at conclusion of parade when parade director, Madame Suzy Le Terrier, was also called up on dais.

APPLAUSE. Mrs. Ken Cole, of Melbourne, formerly Caroline Chambrelent, who directed The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Parades last year, warmly applauded mannequins as they passed by.

AFTER THE PARADE. Paule Paulus (left) and Denise Sarrault relax after the parade and sit with Gavin Cobcroft, of Parraweena, Willow Tree, and Denis Garvan (extreme right), of Merrabooka, Quirindi. Girls wore frocks that they had paraded in earlier in the evening.

ACTOR Robert Morley rather confounds his audience at reception given to welcome him and his charming wife, Joan, to Sydney. When asked questions, he has apt answer: "Just ask my daughter," he says. "She knows all about me." His daughter, Annabel, aged three, is almost as wily as her famous father, as, although she looks at one with wide, blue eyes, she's much more interested in orange fruit cup than questions.

Annabel and her brother, Sheridan, land in Aorangi a few days following their parents' arrival by air. Lots of theatrical folk attend party given in Morleys' honor, held in Gloucester Room of Australia Hotel.

Mr. Morley will appear in "Edward, My Son," at Theatre Royal on September 17.

• • •

HONEYMOON in Denmark for Mr. and Mrs. John Quinn, who were married recently at St. George's Church, Edinburgh.

Couple will then make their future home in The Hague, where John is Charge d'Affaires at the Australian Legation.

Bride, formerly Josephine Paton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Paton, of Wollstonecraft, left Sydney a couple of months ago to go abroad, and before her marriage visited her sister, Dr. Clair Isbister, and her husband, Dr. James Isbister. Josephine took her wedding gown, a white velvet classical frock, with her to London.

TALENTED young Australian pianist, Derek Mawson, has seat in Dowager Lady Swaythling's box at Albert Hall, London for Beethoven night at Prom concerts. Derek, who is studying under Solomon, hears the maestro play the Emperor Concerto, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

There is extra round of applause from the Swaythling box at end of performance for Sydney violinist Betty Lambert, who arrived in London recently and has been engaged by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra for the Prom season.

• • •

INTERESTING time abroad for Helen Sullivan, who is in residence at Wadham College, Oxford, taking a cultural and social course. College was founded in 1610. Helen, who is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Sullivan, of Concord, is an Arts graduate of Sydney University. She and her brother Paul visit Paris, and then St. Moritz for ski-ing.

• • •

LATEST news from New York of Betty Boys is that she is leaving in her car for a tour of Canada, visiting Niagara Falls and Nova Scotia before returning to London Island. News was received by Betty's mother, Mrs. H. A. Boys, of Drummoyne, who tells me she is off for a visit to her sister, Mrs. L. H. Corser, of Fairymeadow station, Chinchilla, West Queensland, in search of a little warmth and sunshine.

Joyce

N.S.W.

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Fashion Flashes BY LUX

Fairway

Fresh and sweet as a clover field. Welted neck and hemline . . . new slashed pocket . . . this bit of hand-knit enchantment is an exclusive Lux model. Like all woollies, it will stay lovely far longer if you wash it with Lux instead of harsh soaps.

Showing a pretty leg

. . . is easy if you know how. What to do? Just Lux your stockings after every wearing . . . silks, rayons and nylons. That way they look sleeker . . . last twice as long (tests prove it!)

Courtesy

. . . an exclusive Lux model. Regal beauty for spectator sports. Swan-white yoke . . . crested pocket . . . inverted pleats to point up a slim waist. Only Lux care for this aristocrat, please! That way it will stay like new for seasons.

Sweet as a prayer

Modest monk-like blouse of the winging capelet collar and flowing ruff of cuff. How to keep it charming! Regular dips in safe, gentle Lux whisk out harmful perspiration . . . keep fabrics new, colours fresh and glowing.

THAT SMART LOOK – IT'S THE LUX LOOK

U.365.1 QWW

VISITING WIZARD OF JAZZ

GARLIC ENHANCES flavor of roast joints, ace trumpeter Rex Stewart explains to John Prendergast, of Melbourne, when the visitor from America indulges in his favorite hobby of cookery as a guest at John's home.

MUGGING WITH A MUTE. Rex Stewart coaxes color into a blues theme by using a plunger and a mute in his horn during a private "jam" session with Tony Newstead and his Down Town Gang.

Rex Stewart stirs fans with his technique and improvisations

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Famous American trumpeter Rex Stewart can make a trumpet laugh, sneeze, cough, cry, snore, and sigh like a breeze.

The former member of Duke Ellington's band is blazing a trail of red-hot jazz round the Commonwealth in a 90-day tour of capital cities and main country centres.

REX STEWART says his music doesn't go round and round, but merely curves. It's a good description. His fingers dance as lightly as thistledown over the stops on his horn, producing half notes that have exhausted local jazz fans' supply of superlatives to describe his technique.

I had a close-up of the maestro informally in action when he "sat-in" with Melbourne jazz man Tony Newstead and his Down Town Gang at a private "jam" session just after Rex's arrival from Europe.

Location of the party was kept hush-hush until just before the session got cracking, to rule out gate-crashers.

"Jam" session

In a beautifully furnished drawing-room a shaded lamp beside a grand piano cast a mellow light on an array of musical instruments and sports-coated figures perched on chair arms and squatting on the floor. In the outer darkness sat privileged guests who had managed to wangle an invitation.

For a while the moment seemed too big for everybody. Jazz men, hypnotised by the thought of what they were about to hear, rather self-consciously played a few tunes.

Hero of the hour, Rex Stewart, his ears still buzzing after the long plane trip, graciously sat back guest-like and refrained from taking the spotlight.

"It's always like this at the beginning of a 'jam' session," whispered Canadian painter Eve Dennis, now living in Melbourne. (The Stewart tour is being managed by Eve and Melbourne entrepreneur James Dilena). "It takes the boys a while to warm up," Eve explained.

The boys played hesitatingly because the Great Stewart was listening. Whenever Rex picked up his horn to encourage them by joining in, too, the jazz men would put down their instruments to devote their whole attention to him. Mr. Stewart would then stop playing to get them started up as an ensemble again.

However, the gay, overpowering rhythm of "Muskrat Ramble" eventually broke the vicious circle, and the music came out here, there, and everywhere! Toes tapped, heads nodded, coats were removed. Some took off their shoes, too.

The session was on!

Eventually the session grew hushed when pianist Willie ("The Lion") McIntyre and Rex Stewart drifted into a spur-of-the-moment improvisation on a blues theme.

Risking the wrath of swooning fans who were ecstatically whispering, "He's colossal . . . terrific . . . unbelievable . . ." I later pointed out to Rex Stewart that the rhythm had got me "in," but I didn't understand it. The finale, to me, sounded like someone snoring luxuriously.

"You're very astute," he beamed. "I was interpreting a slumber-song theme that came into my mind. Jazz musicians just get a thought and express their feelings musically," he explained.

He says he is very much at the mercy of his moods, but has disciplined himself into playing lively music at performances even when he is feeling sad.

"I never play interpretative mood music until I feel I've reached my audience. Music must reach the heart," he insists.

At concerts he likes to play to one particular person in the audience whose mood is in sympathy with his own.

"An artist can give a 75 per cent. better performance playing solely to one person even if 10,000 others are present," he maintains.

CIGARETTE in one hand, horn in the other, Rex Stewart in characteristic pose at rehearsal before opening his Melbourne season.

WOOING A MOOD. Rex Stewart idles over improvised theme with Melbourne jazz man Tony Newstead at informal "jam" session.

His mother was a tremendous inspiration to him. A talented concert pianist, she had Rex studying the violin when he was ten. Two years later he persuaded her to buy him a cornet.

Since then, he has put fire into the brass sections of three of the greatest negro orchestras in the United States, including Duke Ellington's for a period of 11 years. His films include "Hellzapoppin'," "Cyncopation," and "Cabin In the Sky." He says his big ambition now is to have a "kids' band."

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Makes trumpet cough, sigh, snore

SLUMBER SONG. Rex Stewart almost puts himself to sleep improvising on a blues theme. He says he is very much at the mercy of his moods.

CHORD consultation between Rex Stewart and Melbourne jazz band leader Graeme Bell at rehearsal. More than 3000 fans crowded Melbourne Exhibition Building at first concert. Stewart is making a 90-day tour of capital cities and country centres.

MUSICAL WELCOME for Rex Stewart at aerodrome, where he was met by members of Graeme Bell's Band, with whom he is touring the Commonwealth.

"It's the way I got started, and I'd like to give other youngsters the same kind of a break," he said.

Next to music, cookery is Rex Stewart's big interest. He studied de-luxe dishes attending the Cordon Bleu in Paris last year. He had everyone's mouth watering when he confided his favorite method of cooking chicken.

After describing the dish in detail, he sauntered off the subject casually commenting, "If a fella was really hungry I guess he could eat it."

He maintains it is his trumpet playing, not his cookery, which has broadened his physique. About five feet five in height—almost as broad as he's tall—he has an engaging simplicity of manner which verges on shyness, and a dry, mischievous humor.

"Yeah. Sure I never miss a Barbara Stanwyck movie," he neatly quipped when an astrologically-minded inquirer, after discovering he wore an amethyst birthstone ring, wanted to know "if he followed the stars." Musicians he works with appreciate his easiness of manner and good temper.

At rehearsals his attitude comes close to studied casualness. Cigarette in one hand, horn in the other, he alternately puffs and blows, dances a step or two, and tosses wisecracks in an unruffled routine.

Jazz pioneer

REX STEWART is making his Australian tour with the Graeme Bell Band, which won fame touring abroad in Europe and England last year.

Tall, artistic, slimly built Graeme and his brother Roger pioneered pure jazz in Australia in the nineteen-thirties. To-day their band is famous in jazz circles. Rex Stewart says their recordings are coveted as real prizes by American collectors. A former classical pianist, Graeme has a dynamic piano style which jazz fans define as "barrel-house."

He says he still gets great delight from classical music, but believes that pure jazz is also a major form of artistic expression. Devotees explain that it is the spontaneity of pure jazz which appeals so strongly to those who understand it. No tune is ever expressed the same way twice. Improvisation is its very essence.

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You'll love Cadbury's Red Label Drinking Chocolate. It's already sweetened and has all the flavour and all the goodness that has made the name of Cadbury's famous throughout the Empire.

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Red Label DRINKING CHOCOLATE

—a Cadbury quality Product

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Many a husband is deceived into thinking that women have no interest outside their home and clothes . . . that such things as finance are out of their world. However, the average housewife, who balances her weekly budget, has a far better financial brain than many a business executive! That is why women should know something about this business of Life Assurance, which affects them so vitally.

Life Assurance enables a man to make provision for a definite sum of money to be paid by the Life Office upon his death or when he reaches a particular age.

But there is even more to it than this! By the careful investment of your premiums your Life Offices earn extra profits which are added to the sum for which you are assured. These additional benefits are known as bonuses . . . they are the "plus" in your policy.

At the same time, these premiums which have been invested for your benefit are also aiding the development of Australia. That is why . . .

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B/289

A Kiss For Fleurette

Continued from page 4

THEN I turned to Fleurette. She was fumbling in a drawer for the key of her friend's apartment. When she faced me again, I suppose my expresison startled her.

"What is it?" she asked.

Her color heightened, and faded, leaving her more pale, as she saw the miniature in my hand.

"Who is this, Fleurette? She is very like you."

"Is she?" It was a whispered question. "That was my mother. Come on. Here's the key."

But when I had dumped my topcoat on the only practical chair in the apartment which Fleurette had opened (the same as her own, but not the same), I took both her hands and kissed them.

She laughed playfully, and then, as our glances met, looked at me with a question in her eyes.

"Why did you do that—Malcolm?"

"As a mark of respect, Mademoiselle Fleurette. I'm off, now, to collect my suitcase. I think I'm the luckiest man in New York."

She looked at me quizzically. Her expression I couldn't analyse. But laughter was not far away.

"Why? Because you find a room to sleep?"

"No. Because you found it for me. Fleurette, will you dine with me to-night? Say yes, and I'll book a table."

Then she smiled. "Yes. It is nice of you. But don't be extravagant . . . And take care. There are things I don't understand."

On my way back to the hotel I confess that my head was a bit of a circus.

The Copley-Brandon business needed a lot of explaining. I knew less than nothing about Shepherd. I only had his word for everything he had told me. But I hesitated to believe that a man would play such an elaborate and pointless practical joke on a stranger.

The facts that no one had met me on the ship, that the hotel knew nothing about it, that no Copley-Brandon appeared in the phone-book were suggestive, to say the least.

And now . . . Fleurette.

The anomaly was explained. I had found the clue to the puzzle. To me she was Fleurette. She had not told me, nor had I asked, her other name. But I knew.

In the big hotel, and afterwards, as I came out with my suitcase, I found myself looking for the wearer of the forbidding eyebrows. But I didn't see him.

I saw no sign of Fleurette when I reached the landing with my suitcase. But I had the key of the vacant apartment, and went in. Dragging the bag about had rather tired my groggy foot, and I dumped it down on top of my coat, which lay where I had left it, on the only practical chair.

I heard an ominous crunching, crackling sound.

A moment later, my suitcase on the floor—where I should have put it in the first place—I was taking out the shattered photograph of "Mum and Dad" from its wrappings!

I don't know how long I stood there looking at the broken relic, nor how long it was before I grasped what had happened. But I do know that my heart gave a silent beat when I saw, glittering and winking in the palm of my hand, the thing that had been cunningly hidden in the frame . . .

I should explain that during my last two years of service the War Office put me on to Intelligence—not because I had any, but because I had a stiff foot. I was employed tracing Nazi loot right up to the time I resigned my commission. And the treasure in my hand was one of the things on the list (with photograph) which I had failed to find.

It was an exquisitely fashioned emerald cross, the centre gem a blazing beauty. The cross hung from a slender gold chain linking alternate emeralds and flawless black pearls.

The historic Croix de Valois!

But, apart from its historical value, the cross was worth a small fortune—and here, in a New York apartment house, I held it in my hands!

I, Malcolm Roscoe, had smuggled it into the United States! I, Malcolm Roscoe, had been made a dupe. No Customs House in the world would query such a token, carried by a man with my name and decent record. The cunning scoundrels!

"Malcolm—"

I turned. I had left the door open. Fleurette stood at my elbow.

"Malcolm!" She spoke in a husky whisper. "The Croix de Valois! Where did you get it?"

I spread out the chain of emeralds and pearls on both hands and dropped it over her head, so that the gleaming cross hung on her breast.

"To restore it to you. Because it belongs to you."

For a moment or two her wonderful eyes blazed at me. Then she looked at the broken frame, and back to me again.

"You didn't know? It is not an impulse—because you find out who I am? Swear it to me, Malcolm — you didn't know."

"On my honor, I know no more about it than you know."

I put my arms around her and kissed her.

"Oh, Malcolm," she sighed, "I've been so lonely in America."

I kissed her again.

And we were still kissing when Eyebrows walked in!

"Pretty picture," he remarked.

I WAS on him in a flash, although slowed up a bit by my groggy leg. Then I saw his gun—and two other men in the doorway.

"Feeling that way, eh?" He flashed a police badge. "My name's Stevens. Been covering you all day. We got Steinway this morning, trying to board the liner with his forged Press card and the cable from Shepherd. It was the cable put us on to you. I guess Scotland Yard has got Shepherd. So now we've got the whole gang."

He glanced at Fleurette. "Who's the woman?"

The woman looked him up and down with that cold disdain which I had sensed but never seen in action.

"I am Fleurette de Granvillier. This jewel belongs to me. I am the last. My father, the Marquis, died for France."

Stevens (I didn't know his rank at the time) was a little set back.

"We'll look into that later," he said. He turned to me. "Who do you claim to be?"

I picked up my topcoat and handed him a passport.

"Major the Honorable Malcolm Roscoe," he said.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Oh," said Stevens, thoughtfully. "This is kind of complicated." He glanced, pathetically, towards his aides-de-camp in the doorway. "Maybe you would both like to make a statement . . ."

It was getting late by the time we had made our statement, and returned from police headquarters, but not too late for the dinner I had arranged.

"Fleurette," I said, as we sampled our cocktails—and perhaps I sounded a bit downed — "there will be all sorts of duties and charges and formalities, but in the end you'll be pretty well off."

"Shall I?" The sombre eyes watched me.

"Do you think, when you go to Philadelphia, it would be nice for me to find a place in some florist's there?"

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WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

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WORTH Reporting

MR. and Mrs. Laurence Ollason, of Hurstville Grove, N.S.W., tell neighbors proudly that the Bishop's cap, the Pope's hat, babies' toes, pebbles and stones, an old man, and coral are doing quite nicely in the back garden.

The neighbors listen with interest and without alarm, as they know they are hearing about cacti or succulents. For 25 years Olly (as everyone in Hurstville Grove knows him) has been growing cacti and dealing in them, until his backyard resembles a movie shot of Texas or the Arizona desert.

Ruddy complexioned, white-haired Mr. Ollason switched from his original trade of bricklaying to cacti in 1924.

"One morning on a country job I came down to work before breakfast," Olly explained, "and the first thing I saw was some Echinopsis Multiplex growing in a rockery. I said to myself, 'That's the most gorgeous flower that I ever saw.'

"The flowers were pink, just like satin. My mate said to me, 'Olly, that seems to have got you in!' It had."

Olly punctuates his description of cacti with long Latin names. In his glasshouse he pointed out Fenestraria Rhopalophyll (or Babies' Toes). Babies' Toes are green with transparent tips, which allow the sun to reach right down to their roots. He showed us Euphorbia Obesa, or Sea Egg.

"That's Latin," he explained. "Euphorbia was a physician back in Cleopatra's day, and Obesa, well, that means fat."

Most popular of all is the Old Man, a cactus with a growth of white, untidy hair hanging wildly about it like King Lear's.

"Everyone asks me have I got an Old Man?" Olly added. "But for myself, I'd rather have the Pilocereus Polylophus!"

There's no need to be talked to

IN "There's No Need To Shout," a lighthearted first-person story of a girl who tries to conceal her deafness from her friends, American Frances Warfield confesses to having worked out these ruses to be used during intervals at the theatre, dances, and sporting fixtures:

Sit spellbound, implying reluctance to come back to earth. Keep companions lockjawed and silent by plying them with large, chewy sweets. Pretend to be amusedly eavesdropping on the conversation at the other side.

Do tricks with matches or handkerchiefs, or offer to read palms. (The author learnt these diversions especially for use on such occasions.) Out of doors tear up programmes, make and sail paper darts, have a foot go to sleep, and create noise and laughter by stamping. (She could hear better against a background of noise.)

Frances Warfield doesn't suggest it, but the same ruses could be used against a merely boring companion.

"Here it is, son, the old deserted swimmin' hole I told you about."

Mink-coated producer for "Edward"

DAPHNE RYE, one of London's three top women producers, here to stage "Edward, My Son," starring Robert Morley, first graced the stage at the age of 12, when she appeared as a cuckoo in a Christmas play. Seven years ago she gave up acting to become a producer.

"I was just not as good as that as an actress," she said. "And I wish a lot of other people didn't think they had so much talent.

"In London I give auditions to several thousand people a year, and I'm lucky if I find one in four with even a little talent."

For the 11 roles available to Australians in "Edward, My Son," she heard nearly 400 people. She is particularly pleased with her choice of Bettina Welch for the part of the secretary.

"Bettina has personality, looks, and great sincerity, and I doubt if I would come across anyone as good in two months of auditions in London," she said.

An attractive woman with beautiful hands, Daphne Rye's wardrobe is as expensive and glamorous as that of any star. "I always travel light," she said, "with a few suits, a couple of short evening frocks, my mink coat, and a few sables."

* * *

THE U.S. Government's best-seller, "Pre-natal Care," was first published in 1913, and 9,000,000 copies have been distributed. In the new edition, brought out this year, a special chapter is addressed to expectant fathers. Instead of a happy mother appearing on the cover, the book now shows a happy father.

* * *

La vie Parisienne with mod. cons.

PLANS are being drawn up in Paris for an international city of artists. Sculptors, musicians, and artists from all over the world go to Paris to study and paint, usually putting up with inconvenient and uncomfortable lodgings. Now it has been decided that something should be done for them.

The site chosen for the "city" is on the right bank, in the old quarter of Marais. There will be from two to three hundred small apartments, each with its own studio. Sculptors will have the ground floor studios, so that they won't have to climb stairs or go in lifts with their materials of stone, bronze, or wood.

Committees to raise funds for the "city" are already being formed in Finland, Norway, Sweden, and South America. Each country contributing to its construction will have the right to send an artist to live there, with his family.

"Guess who's going to be a mother?"

Outsize garage for Monty's caravans

THE three famous caravans in which Field-Marshal Montgomery lived and planned operations during the war are to-day housed in the English countryside in a giant garage of Western Australian jarrah and karri.

The timber was promised by the Commonwealth during Monty's 1947 Australian tour. London architects sent Canberra detailed specifications, and wood for the huge 107 feet long, 25 feet high garage, cut and ready for assembling, was sent to England from Western Australia. Canada supplied the cedar roof shingles.

Chief of the caravans is the famous one with panelled walls, built-in bath, and leather upholstery, captured by Monty from General Bergonzoli during the first Libyan campaign in 1941. In it Monty lived and worked from Alamein to Luneberg.

The other two are the one captured from the Italians during the last North African campaign in 1943 and the enormous trailer looking like a furniture van that became Monty's mobile map-room and Operations Office. In it the maps of Germany and Europe still stand as they did at the cease fire.

The photographs of the Generals defeated by Monty still look down from the walls. The only change has been the addition of another photograph. It shows the field-marshal, in the uniform of a Russian marshal, standing beside Stalin.

* * *

SHOPPING in Chinatown in search of the ingredients for a home-cooked Chinese meal, a young matron protested at what seemed to her the exorbitant price demanded by an ancient Chinese shopkeeper for a tin of bamboo shoots. To show the price was perfectly justified, the ancient one brought out a price list. This was interesting but hardly decisive. The price list was copied in Chinese.

* * *

The deep ocean has its prawns

GOOD news for prawn fanciers, but bad news for prawns, are further announcements of discoveries of deep-sea prawning grounds off the coast of N.S.W.

Until recently the mystery of where prawns go when they disappear from inshore waters has almost equalled the classic question of where flies go in winter.

Professor W. J. Dakin, in his findings on the life history and habits of what are commonly known as the king and school species of prawn, was the first Australian to prove that when these varieties disappear from inshore waters they go to deep-sea grounds to grow to maturity and spawn.

An exception is the greasy-backed prawn, which can breed in open or closed waters.

Professor Dakin proved further that baby prawns make their way back to the estuaries, where they remain until the time comes for them to go to sea and spawn.

Experts realised that prawns found in estuaries were merely nursery size, and those caught in these areas, with the exception of the greasy-back, had not had the chance to breed.

Deep-sea grounds existed, but still had to be located.

The discovery of deep-sea prawn grounds in the Gulf of Mexico, and the ensuing development of a six-million-dollar industry, encouraged local fishermen to search for similar grounds off the coast of N.S.W.

So far grounds have been discovered off Stockton, Ulladulla, Ballina, Evans Head, and the Clarence River entrance, and their yield of 300,000 lbs., worth £30,000, during the last summer months, gives promise of a profitable new industry.

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Don't let Dental Decay rob them of Sound Healthy Teeth

YEARS of patient research by scientists of the University of Illinois and actual clinical tests on a large number of people have proved beyond doubt that the Ammonium Ion formula *actually reduces the incidence of tooth decay in adults and children. Its strong protective action guards against new cavities forming.*

The University of Illinois has made this remarkable dentifrice available under licence to the Australian organisation of Bristol-Myers, who have now released the *official* product — INGRAM Ammonium Ion Tooth Powder.

INGRAM combats tooth decay in three main ways: (1) It attacks the acid-forming mouth bacteria now recognised as the primary cause of tooth decay; (2) it breaks up the gluey coatings on your teeth where the decay-bacteria lodge; (3) it neutralises harmful acid already present in your mouth, and *it gives lasting protection, because its powerful anti-decay action continues after you've finished brushing your teeth.*

Your dentist knows all about INGRAM Ammonium Ion Tooth Powder and the wonderful protection it affords against tooth decay. He will be able to assure you that INGRAM is an ethical product which accords with the strictest pharmaceutical standards; and that it can be used with complete confidence from early childhood onwards.

You'll like the crisp "mint" flavour of INGRAM . . . you'll find it leaves your mouth feeling delightfully fresh and clean . . . and it polishes your teeth beautifully.

Because your own dental health is so important, YOU should use Ingram. But, above all, YOUR CHILDREN are entitled to a lifetime of dental health; that's why you should train them to use Ingram from an early age.

But keep in mind that it is not enough to buy "just any" Ammonium Ion Tooth Powder on the market. Be sure you buy INGRAM always, because Ingram is the only officially licensed ammoniated dentifrice available.

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THE OFFICIAL *ammonium ion* TOOTH POWDER

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

BHI-49

Are You Sure?

Continued from page 5

WELL, that's where I came in. Good old Don.

"Don? He's in the city. And, besides, it's very late."

"Maybe we had better start back," Ella said.

Clyde got up, put on a gown, and sat down, still half asleep. Presently he grunted. "Okay, I'll phone Don."

He went to the manager's office. After he'd rung the bell a while a voice from within called that there were no vacancies.

Clyde explained that he'd left the electric iron on at home and had to use the phone. The manager was not exactly happy when he appeared at the door.

The phone woke me up in the middle of the night. Clyde told me Ella wasn't sure she'd pulled out the iron cord, and—well, if it wasn't too much trouble . . . I asked how to get in and he said, "The key's in the letter-box. Thanks so much, Don. I know it's silly, but—"

And I said, "Not at all, Clyde. I understand."

There was a bit of silence, and then he said, "Yes, I dare say you do."

I understood if anybody did. There had been a time in my life when nothing in the world seemed worth while unless Ella came with it.

There had been a black period when she decided to marry Clyde. The blow to my pride was as bad as anything else. I hadn't even considered Clyde a rival. He was so casual and easygoing. He'd forget all his arrangements and call round to see Ella on the wrong night, needing a haircut, having forgotten to shave.

Well, one thing, he'd been straightened up since marrying Ella. Like it or not. She saw to that. I'd remained a friend, and I spent an evening with them occasionally when they, with that peculiar habit of married people, found some girl they thought I should know and invited me to dinner.

It was a raw night. Any night is raw when you've got out of bed conscious of your stomach and with fur on your tongue. Here I was, out in the middle of the night on a fool errand. But it was just once. Clyde had had six years of it.

Their flat, where they'd lived since they were married, was on the ground floor. Of course I knew they were building, but I didn't know they had moved in. I suppose with his irritation, and with the human tendency to assume that everybody knows what is such a big thing in your life, Clyde hadn't thought to mention it. Anyhow, I went to the flat.

The key was in the letter-box, but the door was unlocked. It wasn't a fool's errand after all, I thought; they'd left the door unlocked. I went in and switched on the lights. The ironing-board was folded into the wall; the iron was cold. That was that.

I looked in the refrigerator. There was milk, a leg of lamb, half a jar of sweet pickles, and some cheese. I had earned a snack. I set the stuff on the table, got bread, butter, a glass and a knife, and began on the snack. There was an evening paper on the table, and I was reading it when a girl walked in from the living-room.

She was wearing a quilted red robe over her nightgown. She was a rather smallish person with a good figure, a lot of red hair, beautiful eyes, and a revolver in her hand. The revolver was pointed at my chest.

"Well," she said.

"Hello," I said.

"Make yourself at home," she said.

"I felt like a snack," I said.

"You've got everything you need?"

"Yes, thank you."

She said, "I woke up when you slammed the refrigerator door."

"I should have been more careful at this time of night."

"I thought you'd be interested in my war souvenirs," she said, indicating the revolver.

"You were in the Services?"

"Yes. I know how to use it."

"I was myself. Air Force. Do you do this sort of thing often?"

"This is the first time I've found it necessary."

"You poor kid," I said. "There's no future in it."

"Particularly," she said, "when a burglar doesn't show good sense. As I understand it, you should first do some reconnaissance."

"Exactly," I said. "But you didn't know Ella."

"I didn't know who?"

"Sit down," I said. "Let's talk things over. I don't want to make any trouble. I'm a friend of Clyde and Ella's."

"And I," she said, "am a friend of the Sweeneys. You've certainly got a nerve."

I didn't go into that. It seemed to me the height of impudence for a burglar to go to bed on a job. And such a nice-looking girl, too. She must be in trouble to be driven to this sort of thing. I said, "I brought one of those back. It isn't loaded."

She looked at the gun and I hit it with the leg of lamb. The weapon went off with the most unearthly blast I ever want to hear. Then she began to scream, which was worse than the sound of the shot. She would have escaped except that I grabbed her.

It is amazing how people pop up from nowhere out of the middle of the night. And a man wrestling with a screaming girl just doesn't have a chance. It looks bad on the face of it, and a man doesn't have time to explain.

Please turn to page 29

Garbage Night!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779094

HAZEL

"Lucky you saved the sales slip . . ."

"Better keep your eye on that guy!"

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

IT would be nice if marine explorer Otis Barton, of Boston, while 6000 feet under the Pacific in his diving-bell, could interview a mermaid or a dugong.

It would lay an old slander.

For years, scientists have asserted that mermaids and dugongs were one and the same.

Seamen and cartographers ("here bee mermaydes"), poets and painters of inn-signs who thought they were seeing mermaids were seeing dugongs, say the men of science.

The dugong is a large bovine aquatic mammal, who browses on submarine pastures, and bears the rather contemptuous name of "sea cow."

For any mermaid to be called a "sea cow" is an insult. Or is it an insult to the dugong?

I am all on the side of the dugong. The Australian dugong, who lives to-day as a protected animal, may be slow, but is a gentle, friendly, companionable type. Naturalists compare these creatures to great overgrown children, or sea-babies.

They are noted for their love of their children, and for their sociability to their fellows.

What has the mermaid to offer against this?

She can tell the future, give supernatural power to human beings, and avenge anyone under her protection.

On the other hand, she always deserts the unfortunate human who weds her, and departs home to the bottom of the sea. She won't tell fortunes unless she is bribed, or forced. She won't give gifts for nothing. And she brings disaster to every human being she meets.

The human has brought disaster to the dugong.

In Australia, the early settlers and aborigines hunted it for food and oil till it almost disappeared.

It is a bit late to take up cudgels for the dugong. But I have pleasure in repeating one piece of scandal I dug up this week about the mermaid.

According to the Teutons, and their mythology is very profound, she does not even have a fish-tail.

* * *

LATELY I've been travelling on a bus with a batch of little schoolgirls, hearing entrancing conversation.

I've got by now some interesting sidelights on their teachers, fashions in school uniforms, and the modern curriculum.

What I liked best was sitting beside two girls admiring a painting book. They couldn't be more different from the jugs, oranges, and vases that I used to draw with such loving care.

Most were lively "primitives" with a fine reckless color and line.

But even better were the designs. Given pride of place in front of the book were designs for men's ties. The way the little girls exclaimed over these showed that all too soon they would grow up into tie-buyers for husbands.

* * *

EUROPE, it is said, has started a "new-hat-look" for men. Pioneer of the fashion, a Dutchman, has arrived in Sydney wearing one. It's a turned-up-all-round model.

Now it's the wives' chance to say, "You can't wear that thing; everyone will look at you!"

IT is refreshing to note that pockets of resistance to mechanised living still persist in Britain.

"What was good enough for my father is good enough for me" is an attitude of mind often attributed to British people, in a derogatory sense.

But it is also a habit of thought that can bring a comforting sense of permanence in an uncertain world.

The British combine this resistance to change with keen national effort to be in the forefront of scientific development and invention. This perhaps provides a sort of counterpoise that gives the nation the stability for which it is so famous.

Am moved to these ponderings by reading that the Village of Tideswell, in Derbyshire, is advertising for a town-crier, in this day and age of television.

The office was hereditary, but on the death of the last holder there was no one to take it on.

The crier is paid five shillings a cry, and certainly earns the money, because he has to "shout like a sergeant-major to make himself heard."

I don't suppose the council will make the best of two worlds by equipping him with a portable microphone.

* * *

AT one of the latest Bob Hope films, I stopped laughing for a moment, and listened to the audience roaring its head off.

I recalled then that laughter, that merry sound, has been classified by a British professor.

People whose laughter has an A-A sound are kind and optimistic. An E-E sound means they're self-centred and moody. Children and the aged have an identical I-I giggle. U-U laughers betray themselves as hypocrites.

Though listening hard to my own laughter (a most curious process), I find it impossible to classify it by those rather vague directions. And what of the people who laugh soundlessly, with shoulder-shaking and tears?

I feel professors have no right to tamper with merriment. This business of classification will probably turn laughers into character readers, and make them look at one another with cynical eyes. From then on, it's just a step to plain words, angry mutters, and shoulder-shaking and tears—this time, I fear, not from laughter.

* * *

COWS in Whyalla, South Australia, step into foot-baths and pass through wind tunnels, where fans remove flies, before entering the milking shed.

While this is very pleasant for the Flossies and Buttercups of Whyalla, class distinction may soon rear a horned head among the rest of Australia's dairy herds.

Catchcry of the new order, I gather, will be: "There are no flies on us!" and that old saying "Poor cow" will pass into the classification of obsolete phrases.

* * *

EVERY week in letters in the daily newspapers Mother of Nine, Vox Populi, and Pro Bono Publico claim they are "hedged about with restrictions."

Keep Off the Grass, Wait Here, and Show Your Ticket,
No Smoking, Join Queue Here, and Quota Sold,
Beware of the Dog, and Trespassers Forbidden,
In other words: "Do everything you're told!"
I'd change these orders, give my free permission
To Run on the Grass (and Take Your Dog and Bike),
Jump on the Bus, Come Straight In on Your Mission,
Smoke if You Please, Do What You Darn Well Like.

A happy family life depends not altogether on how much is in the pay envelope but rather on how wisely the money is spent. Money wasted to-day on unnecessary things deprives the family of the comforts they should enjoy in the years to come. It may even deprive the children of a good education, a real start in life.

The Commonwealth Bank offers you an easy means of saving any surplus you may have after paying every day expenses. Open accounts for yourself and all the family. Teach your children the value of money and encourage them to save.

Store up comfort, security and peace of mind by saving something every week.

Play safe—save now.

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A NEW discovery of British science, "Portex" Plastic Skin — the amazingly effective first-aid treatment for easy self-application — is rapidly superseding all other forms of dressing for everyday skin injuries. Within a few seconds of being applied "Portex" forms an almost invisible, germ-resistant dressing — free from folds or bulges — and exerts a constant germicidal and healing effect upon the skin lesion.

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"Portex" — endorsed by thousands of users — has proven itself the safe and effective treatment for minor skin breakages. Its protective "skin" promotes healing, and when used in conjunction with silk or other fabric it provides extra support. Play safe! Carry "Portex" wherever you go and use it at home too.

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"Portex," applied early, instantly alleviates itching, prevents crackling and it may also be used on broken chilblains. "Portex" also stops the sting and itch of insect bites, and protects the punctures against secondary infection. Blisters, too (either friction or burn), also yield to its germ-resistant, soothing and healing action.

★ A NEW antiseptic, flexible, waterproof SKIN applied straight from the tube!

BURNS, CHAPS and SCALDS

"Portex" is fast becoming an indispensable part of every medicine chest and first-aid kit — ever ready to do its emergency healing thoroughly in cases of minor burns, chapped hands, scalds and 1001 other skin injuries. Although a stinging sensation may be experienced at first in some applications, relief is rapid and lasting.

SKINNED KNUCKLES and MINOR ACCIDENTS

It's a relief to know "Portex" brings quick healing to broken skin or injured tissue. Whether it's at home, shop, office, farm, factory or wherever minor accidents and injuries occur suddenly, treat the lesion safely with "Portex" — the first aid in emergencies which does not retard your work with bulky dressings.

Recommended by the medical, dental and veterinary professions, who use it extensively in operative and post-operative work, "Portex" Plastic Skin is endorsed by the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia.

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portex PLASTIC SKIN
— brings INSTANT RELIEF to thousands of sufferers!

"Portex" has millions of users throughout the world. (More than 500,000 Tubes already sold in Australia). Here are some extracts from the many unsolicited testimonials received, endorsing the healing qualities of "Portex" for all kinds of skin wounds.

★ ". . . I have had a skin disease for over 12 months where my hands cracked very badly. I have now given three dressings of the "Plastic Skin" and I really believe I am going to be definitely cured by this preparation . . . I think it's wonderful stuff." I.O.

★ ". . . whilst ski-ing had nasty fall causing painful lacerations to nose and face. "Portex" was great help in speedy healing, despite cold atmosphere. I congratulate the makers for effective manner in which it functioned." A.W.D.

★ "I have found your "Plastic Skin" most suitable for chilblains and chaps on the hands . . . very satisfactory in allaying the irritation set up by insect bites." M.P.S.

★ ". . . used the "Plastic Skin" on an abrasion on my hand and I have found it both effective and comforting as a covering during the initial stages of healing." H.A.

★ "I have used it on very sore and painful splits in the heel and it feels most comforting and healing." M.D.

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Patent No. 122073 dated Dec. 8, 1943. Other patents pending.

BET-19

EMPRESS EUGENIE:

Continued from page 18

YET, if her critics are to be believed, this lovely and apparently clever woman came to hold such influence over her country's policy that on her head fell the blame for the series of disastrous wars which not only brought misery to thousands, but finally wrecked the dream of power which had provoked them.

Many in Court circles thought that Eugenie would be well advised to withdraw from public affairs, but none dared make the suggestion to her.

The first adventure in imperial expansion with which Napoleon III began the series of tragic ventures which were to lead to his downfall was the Mexican Expedition against the native revolutionary, Juarez.

The Empress regarded the expedition as "the finest ideal of the Imperial reign," and was always ready to assume responsibility for her part in its conception.

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 ushered in the last act of the imperial adventure, and defeat brought such misery to the French people that, as always in defeat, a scapegoat had to be found.

The Empress was reported to have exclaimed in its early days, "This war is my war," and, because of such rumors, the responsibility for the tragedy was fastened on her, though she denied any part in it.

In the rising tide of revolution in France, the Empress showed a calmness and dignity worthy of the tradition she had, throughout the 17 years of her reign, set herself to follow.

At first she had believed that the chivalry of the people would persuade them to stand by her and the young prince.

As she realised this was not so, she declared gallantly: "Do not waste a thought on me. Think only of how to bring about peace."

With the threat of the same fate as Marie Antoinette hanging over her, Eugenie waited calmly until the Empire was formally abolished.

Then she allowed her escape from Paris to be arranged.

Safe in England, Eugenie settled at Chiselhurst with the Prince Imperial, her son. Louis Napoleon joined his family in England, but died soon afterwards, in 1873. Eugenie's life became drab and drear.

The young Prince was educated at Woolwich, and only on the occasion of his 18th birthday, and then against his wishes, was a Royalist festivity held.

He had grown into a charming, handsome young man, elegant and gay, but with a deep religious faith.

• If you are interested in the story of the Empress Eugenie, three books which will give you further details of her life are: "Eugenie, Empress of the French," by Octave Aubry; "Recollections of the Empress Eugenie," by Augustin Filon; and "The Last Empress of the French," by Philip Sergeant.

Eugenie was proud of him, but was often left alone with her memories and bitter thoughts.

Devoted to army life, the young Prince joined the British expedition to Zululand against her will. He did not want to die of boredom, he told her.

He was killed in battle. When the news of his death reached her, Eugenie fell unconscious.

A wave of sympathy swept the world for the former Empress, whose devotion as a mother and loyalty to an ideal outweighed her political errors and hard-headed ambition.

For 42 years longer she lived on.

She became a dear friend and intimate of Queen Victoria, whose own Royal life had been so different, but with whom she found a bond of personal griefs.

But she was bereft of all she loved, deprived of all that she had planned for.

A Sneezing Hero . . .

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Our cookery book on sale at all newsagents

Compiled from entries in our recent £3000 competition

Every type of home entertainment, from wedding breakfasts and celebration dinners to children's parties, is covered in detail in The Australian Women's Weekly new Cookery Book, which is now on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls. The price is 2/-.

The book, entitled "Cookery for Parties," has been compiled from winning entries in our recent £3000 Cookery Contest.

FLOWERS being picked by Mrs. Reginald Ham, Brighton, Victoria, for party decorations. Our cookery book includes Mrs. Ham's entry for a novelty bridge tea.

ENTRIES were attracted from all over Australia, and as all sections of the contest called for detailed menus and plans for preparation, decoration, and entertainment, the winning entries needed to show more than cookery skill.

The prize-winning menus, with their carefully planned methods of preparation, are a perfect guide to the Australian hostess who likes to entertain at home and who aims for an attractive menu that she can prepare herself.

Entertaining is made easy, whether your celebration calls for a 21st birthday party for 30 guests, a barbecue supper for 25, a children's party for 20, or a buffet dinner for 12.

The party designs, described at length, will delight the fastidious hostess. The menus are planned with an eye to food value and reasonable economy while attracting the palate and appealing to the imagination.

Even the most experienced and original hostess will find invaluable hints on how to manage her party alone, or with a little help from family or friends.

"Cookery for Parties" gives the position of honor to the beautifully prepared plan for a 21st birthday party for 30 guests which won the Grand Champion prize of £1000 for Mrs. G. A. Robbie, of Hobart, Tasmania.

Mrs. Robbie has left nothing to chance in her plan for the perfect 21st birthday party, so the hostess who is worrying in anticipation of the success of the party she has promised her soon-to-come-of-age son or daughter can sit back back and relax while she studies Mrs. Robbie's wonderfully thorough plans.

Room decorations, ideas for setting up a temporary buffet and dance floor, and instructions for the quantity of china and cutlery needed are all thought out.

Mrs. Robbie suggests that a novel and much more acceptable presentation key than the usual large gilded wooden variety can be made by having a spare or discarded door key electroplated. This can be done at quite a small cost.

Another original touch is a small autograph book inscribed with good wishes and the signatures of those present given as a memento with the symbolic key.

Engagement or pre-wedding parties are always a popular way of entertaining in honor of the soon-to-be-wed.

Mrs. E. Harcourt, of Rose Bay North, N.S.W., has planned a party and menu with a strong flavor of romance. Even the suggested dishes are appropriately named, such titles as Wedding Loaf, Savory Hearts, Billets-Doux, and Melting Moments stressing the meaning of the occasion.

The table plan presents a pretty picture, with the heart the ruling motif. Centrepiece consists of small pastel flowers set in tiny containers and arranged in the form of a diagonal cross, symbol of a kiss, the whole surmounted with heart-shaped, arrow-pierced pieces of cellophane.

Fond mothers and aunts will find fresh inspiration to plan a party for children that the little ones will find really entrancing when they read and see the illustration of the party plan entry submitted by Miss S. Vicars, East Camberwell, Victoria.

BUFFET DINNER for 12 is contribution to The Australian Women's Weekly "Cookery for Parties," by Mrs. Maurice Finnis, of Medindie, South Australia, photographed with her daughters, Catherine and Jane.

Young eyes will round with enchantment when they see the novelty pear pigs, Miss Muffet spiders made from prunes, Savory Faces, the House that Jack Built cake, Banana Candles, and the Jack o' Lantern cakes.

The all-important question of keeping young and energetic guests occupied with games and novelties, the factor which decides whether a children's party will be well run or chaotic, is described for you to follow.

Celebration dinners

THOSE who might be contemplating giving a celebration dinner for about twelve people will find three formal dinner plans and menus from which to choose.

The two prize-winning plans for buffet-style dinners for twelve the book contains are models for an attractive, tasty yet reasonably economical meal. Both of these menus could be used for a buffet dinner or a supper.

The buffet dinner plan which won £100 for Mrs. V. Walliker, Port Fairy, Victoria, is mouth-watering, even with alternate suggested economy steps such as substituting rabbit for chicken in the chicken, mushroom, and almond dish, and whipped strawberry jelly in place of cream in the strawberry meringue.

Our cookery experts are agreed that the excellent directions prize-winners gave for presenting and serving their suggested menus will prove to hostess and guests alike that simple food, well cooked and attractively served, can make a superb meal.

Barbecue addicts who like their entertainment al fresco will read with interest the fascinating barbecue party entry submitted by Mrs. Janet Meyrick, of Glass House Mountains, Queensland.

Good unsophisticated fun is the background plan for this hillbilly barbecue, but the menu would be impressive at the Waldorf Astoria. Hot Chocolate, Grilled Chicken, Sauteed Mushrooms, Roast Sweet Potatoes are part of the menu, the preparation of which is carefully described to make the cooking and serving exciting and fun, and not a scramble.

Mrs. Meyrick says her party is her idea for a country hostess with a real bushman's barbecue in a paddock, but it is quite possible for the city hostess to adapt the party plan.

Guests will enjoy their participation in the cooking as well as eating the delicious meal, and so that the party remains in the right spirit they should be invited to wear buckskins, overalls, and straw hats.

A second barbecue party plan, as well as four variations of children's parties, and two novelty bridge tea plans are among the party designs every hostess will want to read before she arranges her next party.

She will find also that the book is just as valuable as a source of interesting recipes which can be included in her everyday cooking.

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Are You Sure?

THEN I began to understand what had happened. But the police didn't seem interested in that part of it. In a way it was very funny, except that they didn't see the joke. They weren't even remotely interested in Clyde and Ella.

Now, after Clyde had phoned me, he went back and got into bed. Ella said, "You got on to Don?"

"Yes. He's driving down to make sure."

"I knew he'd do it. Don's a good egg. I feel so awful about forgetting that card."

Clyde said nothing.

She sighed. "That's off our minds. It's so good just to leave and forget everything. We're going to have a wonderful time. Do you think we ought to give Bill and Elaine a ring and tell them we'll drop in in the morning?"

"No."

He was almost asleep when she said, "Clyde."

"Ella, for heaven's sake."

"You told Don how to reach us, in case anything had gone wrong?"

"Well, uh—of course I told him." He hadn't, but he wasn't going to start something.

A few minutes later she said, "Clyde."

He groaned.

"Clyde, are you sure he can find the house?"

"He's been there."

"No; he hasn't. You remember we met that Mills girl. The one we thought Don ought to meet. And then she couldn't come to the housewarming and we thought it might be better anyhow if we had just the two of them for dinner some night. But we haven't had them yet. Does Don know about the new house?"

Clyde remembered he hadn't told me over the phone. He said, "Of course he does."

"Are you sure?"

"We told everybody."

"Then you didn't tell him when you phoned!" she said. "If Don went to the flat— Maybe our house is on fire this very minute."

Clyde got out of bed. "What do you want me to do?"

"We could at least make sure. Maybe he hasn't left yet."

"He said he'd go straight away."

"Then maybe he's back."

Clyde rang the manager's bell again. The manager's temper had degenerated. Clyde put in a call for me and got no answer. He went

Continued from page 24

back to the room. "He's not back," he said. "He must have gone to the house."

"Why do you say that?"

"If he only went to the flat, he'd be back before now. Say he did go to the flat. He'd find out we weren't there. He'd talk to Mr. Meeker." Mr. Meeker was the caretaker. "Mr. Meeker would give him the house address. We know he went to the house, or he'd be back by now."

Ella considered. "How do you know he talked to Mr. Meeker?"

"I don't know that he talked to Mr. Meeker. But he isn't back, so he had to either go to the house in the first place or talk to Mr. Meeker. Reason it out. Let's say Don didn't go to the house. Say he did go to the flat. Well, it's either let again or it isn't. If it isn't let, he'd talk to Mr. Meeker to find out where we'd moved to. If it is let he'd talk to the new tenants, and they'd tell him to see Mr. Meeker. And if that hadn't happened, he would be back before now."

"Clyde, you know very well that Mr. Meeker goes to bed at nine o'clock every night and nothing will raise him until five in the morning because he takes off his hearing aid. Remember the night the hot-water tap broke off in the bathroom? We just had to tie it up with rags until morning. You know very well that Don didn't talk to Mr. Meeker. Don doesn't know where our new house is. It's on fire. It's burning to the ground, and it's all my fault!"

"Well, then, where is Don?" Clyde asked.

"That's beside the point. It's not our business where Don is. I don't trust Don anyhow. That's why I married you. Don's not reliable. I don't think he even tried. I know he didn't. It's just like Don. He doesn't care if our house burns down. He'd like to see it happen."

She was properly worked up now. "I've never trusted him. He's always held it against us that we got married. He just hung up the phone when you rang, and went back to sleep. He won't answer the phone. Why didn't we think of Mr. Lee in the first place?"

"Mr. Lee? After all, Ella." Mr. Lee was the agent who had sold them the house.

Please turn to page 32

RIVETS

World-famous baritone

PETER DAWSON

says:

"Horlicks and I are old friends. I've found it the most nourishing of all food drinks."

Peter Dawson and Horlicks are life-long friends. Peter says: "Wherever I go in the British Empire I enjoy my Horlicks. I find it helps to keep me going in top form. And, believe me, a concert artist needs to be fit—*all the time*."

Just like Peter Dawson, *you'll* enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Peter, you'll find that Horlicks will give *you* extra energy.

The full satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves . . . and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

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"A.M." obtained expert medical advice on how to lengthen the husbands' life span. This advice appears in a special article in September "A.M."

Order your copy from your local newsagent, 1/-.

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COLETTE SCHWEDORFFER walks past Mr. Dan Dwyer, Mrs. Ralph Doyle, and Mrs. Sydney Allbright, who watch with interest.

PAULE PAULUS is distinguished in a Marcel Rochas frock of white pique with an overdress of black tulle to give soft, extremely smart effect.

GALA PARIS PARADE IS

GWEN WILKINSON is charming in Worth's white muslin frock, with its full skirt frothing around a pearl-embroidered apron. The strapless top is fitted into folds.

SUZY LE TERRIER, director of the parades, does a little last-minute stitching for Colette before she goes out to show Nina Ricci's white pique evening gown. Her black crinoline gown has a white broderie anglaise blouse.

JACQUES FATH'S grey linen fro[ck] and a high pointed neckline lined [with] it with a huge white hat, also by Fa[th]

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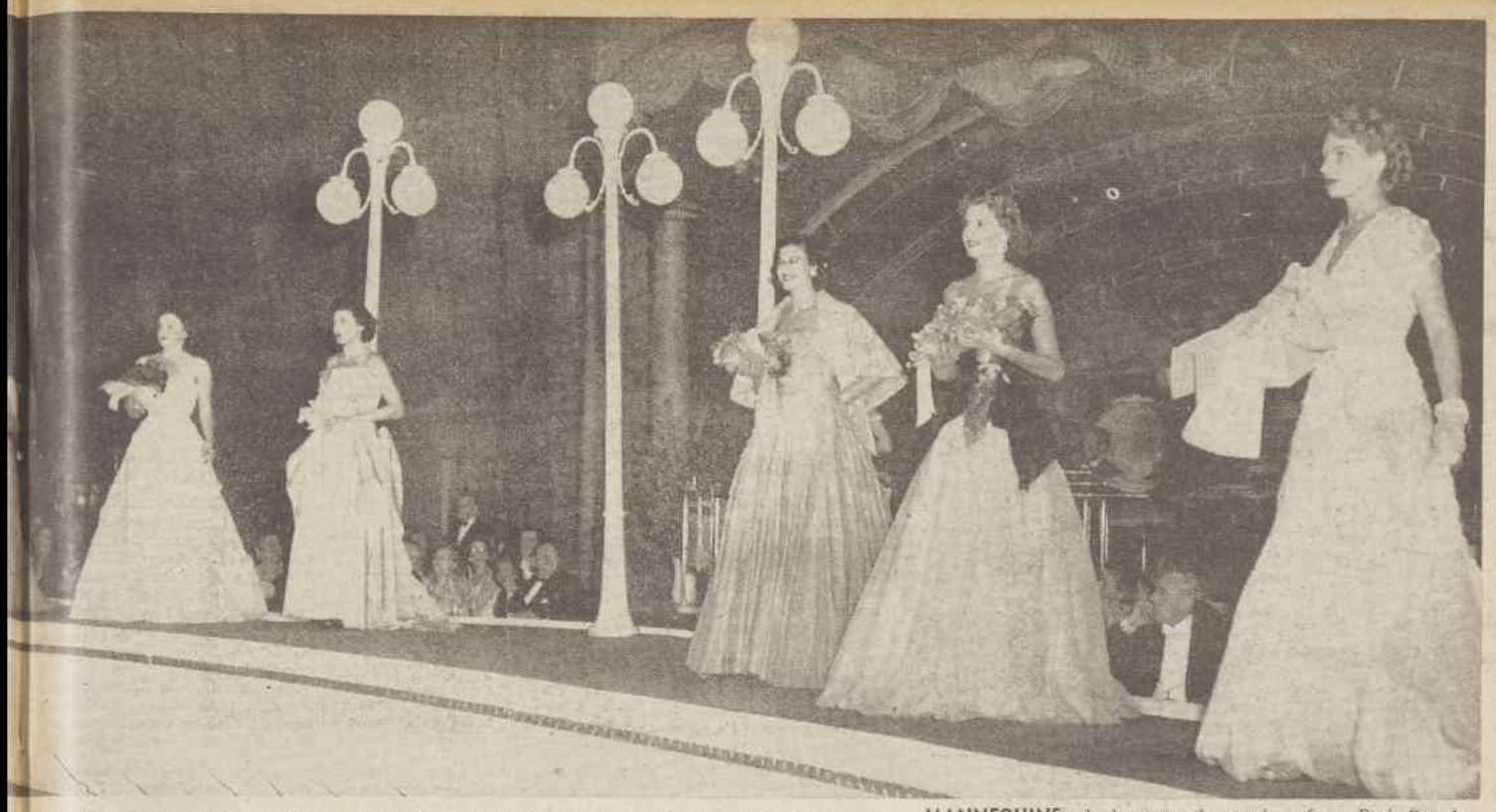

MANNEQUINS take bow at gala opening of our Paris Parades. From left, Robin Stanton, Gwen Wilkinson, Paule Paulus, Dominique Bayer, Colette Schwedorffer, and Denise Sarrault.

BRILLIANT SPECTACLE

THE brilliant gala dinner which opened The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion Parades at the Trocadero was one of the outstanding social functions in Sydney this year. Glamorous frocking of the women guests rivalled the Paris original models displayed by four French and two Australian mannequins.

DOMINIQUE BAYER suits the sophisticated line of Jean Desses' grey tulle cocktail dress. Lynne Murphy announces at microphone.

ith front panel of white forming an inverted pleat white was greeted with applause when Colette wore Pictures taken by our staff photographer, Jack Hickson.

DENISE SARRAULT looks entrancing in a Lanvin gown of white crepe heavily beaded with gold and silver. The strapless bodice features the new pointed line. Tulle scarf is soft pink.

ROBIN STANTON is elegant in Worth's simple pink and white spotted tie silk frock, made with a fitting midriff and full skirt.

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Are You Sure?

ELLA was determined.

"Well, he told us, didn't he?" she said. "If anything came up, just ring him. He said his job didn't end with closing a sale. He wanted us to be perfectly satisfied. He said to feel free to ring him any time about anything."

"This is hardly in his line."

"I'll ring him, Clyde," Ella said. "It's all my fault, anyhow."

"Never mind; I'll do it."

The manager was hardly happy at being woken again. But his manner was sweetness itself compared to that of Mr. Lee. Gone was Mr. Lee's friendly tone and genial manner.

Clyde hung up bleakly.

"Listen," said the manager, who had heard Mr. Lee's loud comments over the phone, "if you're afraid your house is burning down why don't you ring the fire brigade? That's their business. They'd appreciate it. They'd sooner unplug an iron tonight than fight a fire to-morrow."

"Thank you," Clyde said, humbly grateful. "That's a great idea." So Clyde rang the fire brigade. They said they'd ring him back. Clyde sat in the office with the manager for a few minutes. The fire brigade rang back to say the iron hadn't been plugged in. Clyde said thanks so much, and to put him on the list for ten tickets for the next firemen's ball.

"Well," Ella said, when he went back to the room, "I suppose it was silly, dear. I feel so foolish about it."

"Better safe than sorry," he said gallantly. He got into bed.

He was almost asleep when she said, "Clyde." She nudged him. "Clyde."

"Huh?"

"Did the firemen go into the house or just look through the kitchen window with a torch?"

"They found the iron cord pulled out. What difference does it make?"

"What difference does it make? It makes all the difference in the world. If they went into the house, how do we know they didn't forget to lock up when they left?"

Clyde groaned.

She said, "You know how firemen are. Did you tell them the key was in the letter-box? Otherwise they probably broke down the front door with an axe."

"I told them about the key," Clyde assured her.

"They were thinking of fires, not doors. Who ever heard of a fireman locking the door behind him?"

This sort of thing went on for a while. Finally Clyde got out of bed again. "I'll ring them," he said, "and make sure."

There was a knock on the door. "You'd better come out, Harris," the manager's voice said. "It's the police."

Two police officers arrived in a patrol car. They asked Clyde a number of personal questions. Then they asked him if he knew me. The police knew of Clyde's call to the fire brigade. The fire brigade had furnished the address of the hotel in Langton.

I was released a little after daybreak.

Continued from page 29

That afternoon I phoned the girl whose flat I had broken into, and made my apologies.

"I think it's awfully funny," she said. "We each thought the other was a burglar."

"I ruined your leg of lamb and ate up practically everything in your refrigerator. Would you like to have dinner with me to get even?"

"I'd love to."

I called around early that evening, and she was not quite ready. She was ironing or something. While we were eating dinner I said, "Did you leave that iron on?"

"Why should I?"

"I wonder about my cigarette? I left it burning on the ashtray. Maybe it burned down, overbalanced, and fell on to the sofa."

She sighed. "Stop worrying."

I didn't propose right then; I waited until after dinner.

Ella phoned me on Tuesday afternoon. She was awfully sorry for getting me in a jam, she said. She and Clyde wanted to make it right. Could I have dinner on Friday evening? There was a girl named Mills they wanted me to meet. An awfully nice girl.

"I'd like to meet her," I said, "but I'm getting married on Friday."

She said, "What?" and I repeated it. She said, "Why didn't you tell us?" and I said they had been in Langton. She asked if she knew her, and I said her name was Marion Edwards and I'd met her in their old flat on Saturday night.

She said, "You mean—you met her that night when you were arrested? Didn't you know her before?" I said that if I'd known her before I wouldn't have been arrested.

THEN Ella said: "Just a minute; Clyde wants to say hello."

The minute stretched into four or five. Then his voice came. "Hello, Don. What's this about you getting married to a girl you met last Saturday night?"

"That about covers it. Except she's awfully nice and she's a good-looker, and she can make up her mind like that." I snapped my fingers at the phone.

"But how can you be sure it will turn out all right?" he said dutifully, Ella at his elbow.

"I don't think a person can be sure of anything in this life," I said. "So why worry about it?"

He said, "You've got something there, Don."

It was a trite phrase, worn out; but his heart was in it.

Then why am I saying he's happily married? Let's take another example, when Ella went to the hospital the next summer to have the baby. When she was ready to come home Clyde called for her in a taxi. He'd mislaid the car keys. She found the floors warped.

He'd left for work one morning without turning off the shower, and the face cloth had clogged the drain. The refrigerator needed repairs because he'd left the door open. The lawn was brown. And there was a hole burned right through the ironing board.

Clyde is nobody's fool. He never was one to worry about things. And with Ella for a wife, he can just relax and let her do the worrying for both of them.

(Copyright)

"There are three more syllables, Theodore, Let's finish saying the word!"

Interesting People

SIR ANGUS GILLAN

. . . British Council representative

ARRIVING this month to become British Council representative in Australia, as successor to Mr. C. H. Wilmot, is Sir Angus Gillan, who in addition will advise Council on its South-western Pacific affairs. Rowed for Oxford, went into Sudan Political Service, and was created K.B.E. 1939. Joined Council 1941, organised Empire Division, of which he has since been in charge. Visited Australia at invitation of Government in 1945 to discuss inauguration of British Council activities.

MISS CATHERINE PYM

. . . foils champion

WINNER of the N.S.W. Women's Foils Championship for 1949 is Catherine Pym, of Beecroft, Sydney, who is one of three women in world to hold rare distinction of Maitre d'Armes of France, which she gained last year. Examination is practical and theoretical, taking place before ten French fencing masters. While in France captained team of women fencers who won international competition. Says it was reading Dumas novels as schoolgirl that began her interest in fencing.

MR. HILDEBRAND H. WILSON

. . . Royal Melbourne judge

ENJOYING a big reputation abroad as a breeder, exporter, exhibitor, handler, and judge of dogs for over 40 years, Mr. Hildebrand H. Wilson, of England, will judge the dog entries at the Royal Melbourne Show. He has previously judged in America as well as Britain and as an exhibitor has won high honors with dogs of his own breeding. In Melbourne, Mr. Wilson will judge all breeds except Toys and wholly Australian breeds of dogs.

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ORPHAN ELEPHANT...

PENSIVE. Joadee, ten-months-old orphan from Malaya, is wondering if it's her lunchtime.

"WHERE'S THAT MAN?" Joadee really goes to town . . . and no sign of owner, Mr. Philip Wirth, with feed bucket. Elephant is quarantined in Brisbane.

"THAT'S BETTER!" Mr. Wirth (and bucket) get great welcome from Joadee five times a day.

"MIGHT BE A BUN IN THIS." Baby elephant tries a change in daily menu of 25 gallons of milk, with unpolished rice and sugar. Kept in crate until midday she makes most of the sun now.

"DID YOU EAT THAT PAPER?" Mr. Wirth peers into Joadee's mouth as she nuzzles him with her trunk. He has looked after her since death of her mother, when she was two months old.

SEEMS a long time between drinks, but five meals do break up a day for a girl. Back in the crate again.

"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING"

ANTHONY HORDERNS' *have early stocks of Blinds and Wire Screens!*

Prepare for Summer Comfort Now!

Invest *now* in the type of Blind that will shut out the burning rays of the sun whilst allowing sufficient air, and Wire Doors and Screens to keep out that old enemy, the house fly, and other winged insect pests. Don't wait until summer . . . you may be disappointed . . . place your order *now* whilst stocks are adequate!

Chinese Bamboo Blinds

Ready to hang, complete with pulleys and cords. Finished in natural colour, for inside or outside.

- 5' wide, 6' drop, 25/6 ea.
- 5' wide, 8' drop, 34/- ea.
- 7' wide, 6' drop, 29/9 ea.
- 7' wide, 8' drop, 39/8 ea.
- 8' wide, 6' drop, 34/- ea.
- 8' wide, 8' drop, 45/4 ea.
- 9' wide, 8' drop, 51/- ea.
- 10' wide, 8' drop, 56/8 ea.

Venetian Blind Repairs

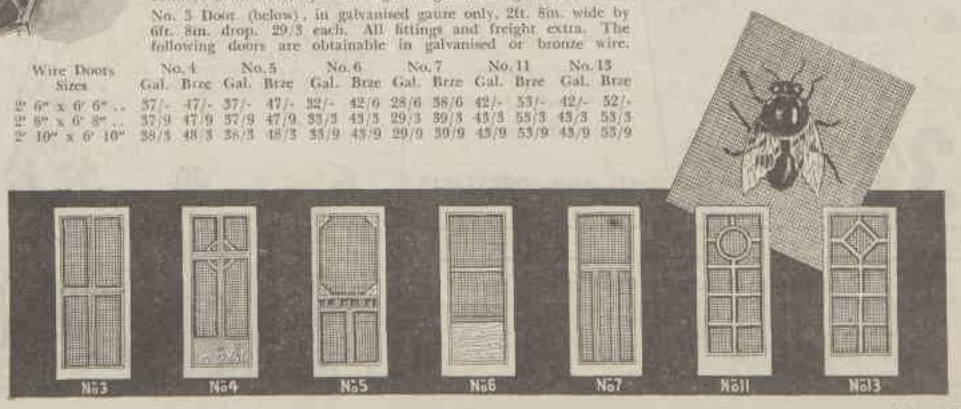
For same colour, 2/3 per square foot, with minimum charge of 14 square feet for inside blinds, 16 square feet for outside blinds. For change of colour we will quote. Renovations approximately three to four weeks for delivery. Our carrier will call on our usual metropolitan and country routes.

Wire Doors and Screens!

Expanding Wire Screens for box frame windows, will expand from 19in. to 36in. wide, by 14in. high, in galvanised gauze, 8/- each.

No. 3 Door (below), in galvanised gauze only, 2ft. 8in. wide by 6ft. 8in. drop, 29/3 each. All fittings and freight extra. The following doors are obtainable in galvanised or bronze wire.

Wire Doors Sizes	No. 4 Gal.	No. 4 Bze	No. 5 Gal.	No. 5 Bze	No. 6 Gal.	No. 6 Bze	No. 7 Gal.	No. 7 Bze	No. 11 Gal.	No. 11 Bze	No. 13 Gal.	No. 13 Bze
2' 6" x 6' 6" ..	37/-	47/-	37/-	47/-	32/-	42/6	28/6	38/6	42/-	53/-	42/-	52/-
2' 8" x 6' 8" ..	37/9	47/9	37/9	47/9	33/3	43/3	29/3	39/3	43/3	53/3	43/3	53/3
2' 10" x 6' 10"	38/3	48/3	38/3	48/3	33/9	43/9	29/9	39/9	43/9	53/9	43/9	53/9



RING M 2401, OR WRITE BOX 2712C, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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A coo-ee from

MADGE ELLIOTT,

famous Australian stage star now in London, who sa_:

"Thanks for sending me all that Small's Club Chocolate. It was wonderful to hear it "SNAP" again."

"Last time I was home in Australia," Madge continues in her air-mail letter, "it was a thrill to enjoy all the marvellous good things to eat! But most of all I remember that wonderful chocolate — and how loudly it snapped! I can well believe that the louder the snap the better the chocolate — and Small's Club Chocolate breaks with such a clear, loud SNAP every time. But is it true that the 'not so sweet' flavour in Small's Club Chocolate was meant only for men? Well, they can't have it all on their own! *I* like my chocolate 'not so sweet,' too!"

Small's make Great Chocolate

MAKE YOUR HOUSE A HOME

The book that tells how to select and arrange furniture, choose colour schemes, how to make a room fit your personality—invaluable knowledge for the home-lover.

★The Art of Interior Decoration explained for the layman by Nora R. McDougall, graduate of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts.

3/6

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS

Wholesale Distributors: Gordon and Gotch (A'sia), Ltd.

Strapless Swimsuit Preview

This surfing season will be the final test for strapless costumes. Designers have been busy all winter evolving a strapless costume that will stay up in all seas.

September "A.M." shows some examples in color.

Order your copy of "A.M." at your local newsagent, 1/-.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, together with the lovely PRINCESS NARDA: Are captives in the undersea country of Atalan. In a cage behind bars they see fishermen who vanished when magnetic light beams drew them down to the dome of Atalan. Mandrake, Lothar, and Narda are put in cages in the Atalan zoo, and two warriors, attracted by Narda, grasp her hands. Lothar hits one, Narda scratches another, and guards rush in. Trouble looms ahead. NOW NOW READ ON.

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Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 7

THE crowd moved eagerly towards Agatha and Jack as they came into the bar, but Walter helped them through to the office. He brought them drinks, and left them alone.

Oscar telephoned them after a while with the news. They were taking Monte Wharton to the police station to be booked, but Lefty had been released. Monte had sworn that he had only bought a share of Lefty, and that there had been no fix.

But the man from the Commission had come down, Oscar said, and the Commission would meet at ten o'clock the next morning. They wanted Agatha to appear, he said.

Agatha called Walter and passed on the information that no charges had been made against Lefty, so far, then she and Jack escaped from the bar, but not before Si Kraft and Tony Franklin had a chance to pat her arm and say, "You done good work, Aggie."

Agatha was grateful for one thing. Apparently Gwen had gone to bed before the papers came out with the story. She could not have faced a long discussion with her mother that night. She crawled wearily into bed, and needed no sleeping compound.

The next day began early. First Gwen came, with the morning newspapers in her hand, and Gwen was sympathetic and considerate, and, surprisingly to Agatha, quite proud of her daughter.

"I can even stomach Aggie Foils Fix," she said. "Kiddy, I'm proud of Aggie. She's my girl. She's good and honest and direct, and she's a fighter."

They had breakfast sent up to Agatha's room, and Gwen read the newspapers aloud over their coffee. She was interrupted by the telephone, and Agatha answered it, sure that Jack was calling.

But it was a woman's voice, low and hurried, that said, "Aggie, can I talk to you? This is Lucille. I'm downstairs in the lobby. Can I come up?"

"All right," Agatha said. She hung up, raised her eyebrows expressively to her mother, and said, "Lucille Long wants to talk to me."

Gwen gathered up the newspaper. "I'll get out," she said.

Lucille's rap on the door was a light, timid sound. Agatha opened the door and held it wide, and Lucille came into the room.

"Aggie," she said hesitantly, "I had to come to see you. Lefty didn't want I should, but I had to come." She moistened her lips. "I want to ask you to give Lefty a break."

"It's out of my hands, Lucille."

"No, it's not," Lucille said. "If you want to do it, Aggie, you can go down and tell the Commision that Monte Wharton propositioned Lefty and he told you about it and then you made a plan to get the goods on Monte, and Lefty helped you."

Agatha said, "Why should I do that?"

"Lefty didn't want me to come," Lucille said. "He says he's gonna take his medicine, Aggie, but I think you ought to give him a break. It was my fault. I done it, Aggie. Listen to me."

Agatha turned and met Lucille's eyes. Lucille went on in a low, toneless voice.

"Aggie, Monte talked to me about it and he put all that money in my hand and he said take it to Lefty and talk to Lefty. I never saw that much money before, Aggie, and I was thinking of my brother. He went into the fight racket, and all he come out of it with was scrambled brains. I took that money to Lefty and told him we could buy that restaurant we looked at and he'd have it to come back to."

"Well, you've got it," Agatha said.

"Sure we got it," Lucille said. "But, Aggie, what I mean is Lefty done it for me. He didn't want to, and I had to talk him into it. If anybody takes a rap, I ought to take it, Aggie. But, believe me, I was thinking of Lefty." Her voice trembled.

"I wanted Lefty to come out with something to show besides a beat-up face and a shook-up head, and I talked him into it. I was wrong, Aggie, I was wrong all along."

She sat down suddenly, and clasped her hands in her lap, looking at the floor.

"And now he says he won't never set a f-foot in that restaurant," she said. "He says he'll go out and burn the joint down." Lucille began to sob, but kept on talking.

"You know how Lefty is when he gets mad. And, Aggie, I was just thinking what happened to my brother, and all that. Lefty — he wants to fight and he wants to pay back that ten grand to Monte Wharton and pay you back for all you done. He wants to clear the books, he said."

The telephone rang, and they both started. Agatha picked up the receiver. It was the desk informing her that Mr. Barlow was waiting in

"Here's a new quiz for you: In what room are the venetian blinds broken? Which tap is dripping? Which windowpane is broken?"

the lobby. Agatha hung up, turned and said, "I'm going down to the Commission now, Lucille."

Their eyes met, and Lucille did not speak. She sat with her feet close together, her hands clasped in her lap, like a hungry job-seeker. Agatha bit her lip, and emotion welled up in her, sympathy and a fierce impatience all at once.

"I'll help all I can!" she cried. "But I'm not going to lie for Lefty. Pour yourself a cup of coffee, Lucille. Stay here and pull yourself together."

Jack met her in the lobby, and squeezed her hand as they walked out. On the way to the State Building in a cab he said, "Agatha, Lefty did his part after all. He gave Monte Wharton the message last night."

"He did?" Agatha cried. "Lucille didn't tell me that."

"Have you seen Lucille?"

"Yes, this morning. Just a few minutes ago. She was begging me to give Lefty a break. But she didn't tell me that."

"Lucille didn't know," Jack said. "He didn't confide in Lucille."

"Oh, it probably isn't true," Agatha said.

"It's true," he said. "The District Attorney believes it. He got it from Monte Wharton as well as Lefty, Agatha. Lefty went to Wharton last night and told him that you and Oscar could be bought off, and all you were sore about was being left out of the dough."

Agatha sighed. "Then at least that makes it easier. I was worried about what to tell the Commission."

Lefty Langan was waiting with Oscar in an anteroom, and Agatha saw another worried face she recognised as Eddie Manolo's. Lefty gave her one quick, anxious glance, then lowered his gaze to the floor.

The room was crowded with reporters, and flash-bulbs went off on Agatha's arrival. She had no opportunity to speak to Lefty.

It was not the ordeal she had anticipated. She reported the facts as she knew them, but withheld her own opinions.

She told the Commission that Lefty had accepted ten thousand dollars from Monte Wharton in payment for a share of his earnings, and had reported the matter to her, which was true, if not complete, in every detail.

She said that after discussion with her attorney it had been decided to try to trap Monte Wharton, and Lefty had led Monte into the trap.

It was by manner, not by words, that Agatha gave the impression to the Commission that Lefty was at all times a party to the plan.

OUTSIDE again, after they had run the gauntlet of photographers, Jack said, "You were easy on him, Agatha."

"But I told the truth, didn't I?"

"Yes," he grinned. "You told the truth, if not the whole truth."

"I don't know the whole truth," she said defensively. "I wasn't going in there to report my assumptions. We've never had any proof that Lefty agreed to throw the fight, have we? The real culprit is Monte Wharton, not Lefty, and he'll get what's coming to him."

His eyes studied her, and he smiled. "Agatha, it's all right with me," he said. "I hope they let him fight."

They parted on Foley Square, but before Agatha returned to the hotel she went to her bank and took the contract with Lefty Langan from the safe-deposit box. But back in her room in the Westbrook she did not tear it up; she did not even remove it from her handbag.

Gwen had sleeping-tablets on hand, and Agatha took one, left orders that no calls be put through to her room, and went to bed. She slept until mid-afternoon, and at once telephoned Jack when she awakened.

"The fight goes on," he told her. "The Commission decided to hold up both men's purses pending a full investigation, but they weighed in at noon, and a little while ago the Commission announced that the fight would go on. Agatha, suppose I call for you about half-past seven and we'll have dinner and go on to the Garden?"

"No," Agatha said. "I couldn't face it, Jack. Let's just have a quiet dinner somewhere and forget about the fight."

"I don't blame you," Jack said. "A quiet dinner it will be. I'll see you at seven-thirty."

Agatha sat back in her chair. The adventure was over now. It had passed its climax. She had not heard from Oscar, and suddenly she recalled that she had shut off incoming calls. She got up and moved over to the telephone.

Please turn to page 39

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Author of our new serial...

A. E. Martin tells some of his experiences

Australian author A. E. Martin, whose new serial "Poison in the House" begins in The Australian Women's Weekly next week, has already had three novels published in England and America.

FORMERLY a leading theatrical Press agent, Mr. A. E. Martin, author of our new serial, has arranged for lots of other people to be photographed, but was persuaded with difficulty to sit for this portrait.

THEY are "Common People," his first book, which won a prize of £1000 in our 1942 Novel Competition, "A Thousand Looked On," and "Old Sinners Never Die." We first published all three in serial form.

"Common People" and "Old Sinners Never Die" have been translated into Swedish and Danish, and "Common People," under the title of "The Glass Tomb," into Spanish.

As well he has had stories in "Collier's" and the American "Ellery Queen" magazine. The New York publishers Simon and Schuster are bringing out a new mystery of his at the end of the year.

"I got a nasty shock," he said, "when I first saw the dust-jacket of the American edition of 'Sinners.' It showed a gravestone with my name inscribed. Luckily I'm not a superstitious man.

"The English edition carried on with the gravestone motif, but I was relieved to find that the artist had handled the author's name in a more conventional way."

His Roseville (N.S.W.) home is ideal for an author, he says, especially one who gets restless if he has to write in the same place day after day.

"I enjoy writing, but not sitting down at a desk for the same number of hours in the same place. Luckily our house is big enough for me to move about.

"I entered The Australian Women's Weekly competition because my son John bet me I couldn't stay still long enough to write a book."

John, a warrant-officer in the R.A.A.F., was later killed during air operations over Berlin.

To-day A. E. Martin is a full-time author, who writes radio plays and serials when he isn't writing a book. His success in our competition made him decide to give up other work and concentrate on writing.

Earned tuppence

"MY first attempt at writing as a young man brought me in precisely tuppence," he said. "So you see, it was a long time before I could earn a living at that and nothing else.

"If I had had the sense to spin out that first effort to another line I'd have been paid fourpence."

In those days English racing author Nat Gould was at the height of his popularity, and his stories were published in shiny yellow paper-backed editions.

Young Martin was paid the tuppence for sending the following to a paper: "All is Nat Gould that glitters."

"I don't know if it's any consolation," its originator said, "but I've since seen that sentence reprinted dozens of times. Once its authorship was even attributed to George Bernard Shaw."

He followed this up by a second try. "She is the inventor of perpetual emotion." This referred to a popular melodramatic actress of the period. Martin got another tuppence.

"This wasn't encouraging for a free-lance, so I became a full-time journalist," he went on. "C. J. Dennis ('The Sentimental Bloke') offered me two pounds a week to join 'The Gad Fly' staff. I was stunned, because I was then getting seven and sixpence a week from a land agent.

"Later, when I could talk to Dennis as man to man, I complained about his putting in his time painting a sign for a newspaper we were trying to run.

"He said he was saving eight-and-six. I pointed out that in the time he took to paint the sign he could knock out a column of verse. 'Ah,' he said, 'but the sign will last.'

"That's where Dennis was wrong. His verse has lasted, but not his sign.

"Dennis also took the opportunity to point out to me that I was no business genius," Martin continued. "He said that when I was engaged he had been told to offer me four pounds a week if I held out for it, but to begin by offering two.

"I told him I would have come to the paper for seven-and-six. Dennis gave up writing a financial column after that.

"Those days when we were running the paper are good to remember. We had two sources of finance, not strictly regular. These were the secretary's watch—we pawned it each Saturday—and a kind millionaire, Robert Barr Smith.

"He had four subscriptions, and once a month on an average our secretary would call on him. The old man would look up, his eyes twinkling, and reaching for his cheque book, say, 'Well, well, is my subscription due again? How time flies.' "

A. E. Martin's other early claim to fame, he says, was winning a competition by correctly naming the three place-getters in the Melbourne Cup.

"I'm not a racing man, and I call that letting a fortune slip through my hands. Think what I would have won if I'd only backed the horses!"

Explaining his entry into the theatrical world, he handled J. C. Williamson's publicity for 20 years, Mr. Martin says: "I was writing paragraphs for a theatre Press agent who couldn't spell. It semed to me a Press agent who could spell might be an innovation. I became a Press agent."

For all his success, A. E. Martin remains a singularly modest man, who is convinced that there isn't anything out of the ordinary or interesting about him.

Glamor of stage

ALL the color, glamor, and bizarre people and incidents he has seen in years of travelling about Australia, mixing with showmen, boxers, and circus people, go into his stories.

Besides writing, the things that interest Archie Martin most are collecting old theatre programmes—he has some dating back to the '70's—and keeping up to date his huge collection of christian names and Australian place-names and their derivations.

He likes tracing changed names and half-obscured references back to their source. When he found that the Sydney suburb of Chatswood was a corruption of "Chatty's wood," he was delighted. An early landowner had had a daughter called Chatty (probably her name was Charlotte), and Mr. Martin discovered after further investigation that she liked to play in the bush where the suburb of Chatswood now stands.

Such challenges to his ingenuity as an investigator stimulate his active brain. He enjoys talking about his hobbies, but he squirms and goes silent if he is asked about his books.

Now established as one of Australia's most successful authors, A. E. Martin, in reply to the question, "What do you hope for yourself in the future years?" replies, "The opportunity to keep on writing."

Until now all his books have dwelt with crime and mystery. "What I want to do next," he says, "is to write a novel without a single detective or hint of murder."

Doctors Prove the Palmolive Plan brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

YOU, TOO, can look for these improvements in only 14 Days!

Brighter, cleaner skin; Finer texture; Fewer blemishes; Less oiliness; Smoother skin; Fresher, clearer colour; Better tone.

READ WHAT THE PLAN DID FOR MRS. KENNY, OF KOGARAH, N.S.W.

"My complexion improved a lot," reports Mrs. Kenny, one of many women of all ages and skin-types who tried the 14-Day Palmolive Plan under a doctor's supervision. Of the women tested, almost two-thirds won *smoother, clearer* complexions!

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This cleansing massage will bring Palmolive's full beautifying effect.

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START YOUR PALMOLIVE PLAN TO-NIGHT!

P23/129A

How to relieve *stomach acidity*

Stomach acidity, causing attacks of indigestion, may be quickly and safely relieved by taking Digestif Rennies. Rennies do not over-alkalise the stomach, or provoke acidity.

To take a Digestif Rennie, slip off the paper wrapping and allow the tablet to dissolve in the mouth. One tablet is sufficient in most cases, sometimes two will be needed. Do not dilute Rennies with water, but simply allow them to dissolve in the mouth.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

are made by E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., of Manchester, England, and are stocked by chemists in two sizes of package.

DR.1.10

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THINK TWICE!

BEFORE YOU STOP THAT HEADACHE

PROTECT YOUR HEART AND YOUR STOMACH

Nowadays, amid the fast pace of living, people seem in ever-increasing need of treatment for headaches and pains, and anyone is ill-advised to take treatment that involves the slightest risk. A sure way to avoid risk is to take 'ASPRO.'

'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or stomach! There is no need to include in 'ASPRO' ingredients liable to harm the heart; 'ASPRO' gives swift and certain action without them, as experiences of millions have proved. 'ASPRO,' too, protects you against upsetting or irritating effects on the stomach from free salicylic acid (an ever-present possibility with cheap or impure substitutes).

THE PURITY of 'ASPRO'

The purity of 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia—the guiding authority of the Medical Profession.

SYDNEY JUSTICE OF PEACE

says 'ASPRO' for HEADACHES *"never fails me."*

Mr. James Curry, J.P., of 416 Oxford Street, Paddington, writes (9/2/'49):—I am pleased to write and let you know just how effective I have found your 'Aspro.' Suffering intensely from a sore throat, and getting little relief from throat paints, etc., I tried 'Aspro' as a gargle in warm water. The relief was immediate and lasting. I have used 'Aspro' for headaches for many years and can truthfully say that 'Aspro' never fails me.

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Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 36

AS soon as Agatha spoke, Oscar recognised her voice and said in a low, depressed voice, "I tried to get you. I guess you know the fight goes on?"

"Yes."

"We'll try to win this one for you," he said. "I don't know what kind of shape he'll be in, but we'll do our best. Aggie, you want to wish the boy good luck?"

"All right," Agatha said. "Put him on."

Lefty's voice was low. "Aggie, I'm gonna knock Eddie Manolo into your lap to-night." His voice rose. "I'll get him in the first round."

Agatha had had enough of boasts and crude male ego. Impatience and weariness welled up in her.

"Lefty, I hope you do," she said sharply, "and I wish you the best of luck. But I just want to say that our contract has ended. I hope you go on and win the championship. I really do. But I'm not in your camp any more, as I told you last night."

There was a moment's pause. "I don't care what you say, Aggie. I'm gonna win this fight for you."

"Win it for yourself, Lefty," Agatha said, and hung up.

After the call, Agatha was restless. Long before time for Jack to arrive she began dressing. He had reserved a table at the Petite Marmite, and had ordered the dinner in advance. It was an occasion, and it needed no words to signalise it.

Presently Agatha said, "You know, Jack, I have three tickets in my handbag. We're not going, and mother didn't want to go, but somebody should use those tickets. Somebody at Leo's Place would want them."

"That's right," he said. "And there's a television set at Leo's Place."

Agatha smiled. "So there is." A tingling excitement had returned, in spite of herself. After all, it was the night of the fight, the big fight with Eddie Manolo.

It was twenty minutes past nine o'clock when they arrived at Leo's Place. As they got out of the cab Agatha saw the sign proclaiming with mockery in the window: LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TO-NIGHT.

Lights were dim inside the bar-room, and the television set was turned on, tuned to the preliminary bouts at the Garden.

Walter hurried up, saying, "Ain't you goin' to the fight?"

"We're going to watch it here," Agatha said. "Walter, I have three tickets to give away." She put them in his hand and then whispered to him, "I want you to do something for me."

She opened her handbag and took out the contract. "When Lefty comes in to-night, will you give him this?"

Jack gave her a questioning glance. "The contract?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "Win or lose, the contract is Lefty's. Let him tear it up, Jack."

The semi-final bout ended, and after the decision was given there was the customary fanfare announcing the main event.

When it was over, the television announcer said, "Well, this is it. This is the fight, the one they tried to fix. Well, we'll see. Here comes Lefty Langan now—"

The announcer's voice was drowned out by the booing of the crowd, an ominous rumble that filled the Garden and overflowed into every corner of Leo's Place.

Agatha bit her lip and watched Lefty climb through the ropes. Behind Lefty was Oscar in his white sweater with the letters Agatha had stitched on the back.

The Garden was quieting now, and the camera had panned up again to the ring, where Eddie Manolo was waiting in his corner. The camera followed him to the centre of the ring and picked up Lefty there, and the instructions from the referee came over the loud-speaker.

They went back to their corners, and then the bell rang. The long-range camera showed all the ring, showed Lefty moving slowly forward, caught Manolo in a wild rush across the ring.

It was a fight all right. It was a fight from the bell. In Leo's Place,

"Oh, I got the raise! Managed to convince him that I'm doing the work of TWO men round here! Sorry I had to drag YOUR name into the discussion, of course!"

after the bell, there was silence, with here and there a whispered comment.

Manolo crowded in, hooked his left, and Lefty clinched. He moved lethargically and seemed tired and arm-weary before the fight had hardly begun. When the referee broke them Manolo landed three sharp jabs like brisk raps on a door.

Lefty backed away and Manolo drove a right to his head. Lefty bounced off the ropes, and Manolo caught him coming out with a left hook flush on the jaw. Lefty went down like a man stumbling, and fell on all fours.

"It is fixed," Agatha murmured. "Jack, he fooled us all."

Agatha saw the referee's arm moving as he counted. She saw Lefty rise on his knees, shake his head, and push himself to his feet. The referee wiped his gloves on his shirt and stepped back.

Manolo rushed in, over-eager, and Lefty covered up. Manolo missed with an overhand right and Lefty moved into a clinch, holding Manolo's right at the elbow.

The referee broke them, and Lefty clinched again. He still looked groggy, and if it was an act it was expert, Agatha thought.

Now Manolo was jabbing at long range, looking for an opening. Lefty backed away from the jab. Manolo hooked his left in again, then swung a right uppercut as Lefty covered up.

Lefty went down again, on his face, and at the count of five pushed himself up on all fours. Agatha saw his face, white and agonised, and now she believed him and her heart went out to him.

Lefty put up one glove and caught the top rope. He pulled himself to his feet, but sagged again, and dropped to his knees. His gloved hand still held the rope and he pulled again, made it at the count of nine, and stood on legs of jelly, swaying against the ropes.

"Any other fight they'd stop it now," Jack murmured.

Lefty was retreating along the ropes, ducking and weaving, and Manolo was trying to nail him with a right. Lefty was off balance and staggering, and he took hard blows to the body, but Manolo could not reach his head. Lefty clinched and tied Manolo up as the bell rang.

OSCAR dashed across the ring to Lefty, and during the rest period the camera remained fixed on Lefty as Oscar worked on him to revive him with smelling-salts and ice along the spine and rhythmic kneading of the muscles at the back of his neck.

At the bell for the second round the camera followed Lefty getting to his feet, and suddenly Manolo burst into range with a rush.

But Lefty was blocking better now and he was back on the balls of his feet. He was not moving flat-footed as he had after the knockdowns in the first round.

They were in close now, and Lefty was swinging looping uppercuts. One of them landed hard on Manolo's chest, above the heart, and the loud-speaker picked up his grunt, just before the crowd yelled.

For an instant his guard was lowered, and Lefty punched home a short, vicious left to the head. Manolo staggered back and Lefty rushed in pumping rights and lefts.

There was a tremendous shout in Leo's Place. Manolo was down.

Agatha cried, "What happened?"

"A right cross, I think," Jack said.

Manolo was on his feet at the nine count, and Lefty moved in carefully, jabbing his left, holding his right cocked. Manolo staggered back across the ring, flat-footed, and Lefty caught him on the ropes, in his own corner.

The left jab snapped Manolo's head back, and a bold right caught him full on the jaw. He went down in the corner and Agatha knew he would not get up.

The bell rang sharply and the noise quietened as the ring announcer gave the elapsed time: "One minute and forty-eight seconds of the second round."

Then a television man held a microphone to Lefty's lips and he was shouting, "In your lap, Aggie. In your lap!" His brilliant eyes gazed towards her on the screen, and the old confident smile was there.

"Okay, champ, how do you like that?" he said. "How about a title fight?"

Looking at his white, triumphant face, Agatha thought how little all this had changed Lefty Langan. She had changed, but not Lefty. Already he had forgotten all that had happened in the past twenty-four hours.

She looked at Jack and murmured: "This is where we came in."

"Except for one detail," Jack said. "Except Lefty was on the floor, not Manolo, when we first came in."

The television screen still showed the ring in the Garden, and the crowd, and Walter had not yet turned up the bright lights. Jack and Agatha got up and moved quietly out to the street.

Then they turned, looking back together at the little "joint" that had come to mean so much to them.

"It seems only yesterday that we first walked in there and saw Eddie Manolo knock Lefty out," Jack said, "that night you took over your inheritance. I thought you were pretty sentimental over that boy, Agatha, but you know he's liable to be middleweight champion."

Agatha was still looking back. Walter had turned up the lights, and appeared a moment at the window, taking in the sign that read: LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TO-NIGHT.

She looked overhead at the neon sign that had depressed her so much that first day she saw her uncle's legacy, and it was the last time she saw the sign, the last time she saw Leo's Place.

Of course she went to the bar again, but the next visit was a month later, after the trial of Monte Wharton, after she had sold the property to Oscar Gumper, and that next time, by agreement in the terms of the sale, the neon sign winked out AGGIE'S BAR AND GRILL along Eighth Avenue. It was a name that meant something in that neighborhood.

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by MARTIN WISDOM

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Anything But Love

Continued from page 9

HOWEVER, Bill was still puzzled. "But you speak English," he said. "If you were raised in the Orient, and never came back——"

Faith told him that her foster father had been educated in the United States and had always spoken only English to her. "He knew I should return to my own people some day," she said.

Bill understood, now, why she was so different, so fascinating. She was an American. She had the coloring, the bone structure of an American. Yet there was something quaint and faintly mysterious about her. Oriental—that was it.

"If I knew where Dwight was right now," he said ardently, "I'd find him and kiss him."

"Dwight?"

"He's the one who made me go to that party."

It took her a minute. Then she said, "Oh, I see." She looked at him anxiously. "You are not falling in love with me, are you?"

He grinned, his eyes crinkling up in a way that a good many girls had found irresistible from the time he was twelve.

"You bet your life I am," he said. "Why sound so worried? I'm a nice fellow; my family's nice—none of us has ever been in gaol since old Uncle Ed got himself hanged for piracy back in 1810; I work for one of the biggest firms of accountants in the city, and ten years from now it wouldn't surprise me if they made me a partner, in plenty of time for us to save up to send the kids to college——"

He broke off, because she was looking at him with disapproval, and that was the last way in the world he wanted her to look at him.

"You are joking, are you not? These are not things to joke about."

He took her hand. He was always taking her hand, on any pretext. It was a peculiarly satisfying experience.

"I'm not really joking," he said. "I suppose it sounds crazy to you that I could be serious after knowing you only a couple of hours, but that's the way it is."

"My foster parents in Hunan did not know each other at all before they were married," she said. "They met for the first time at the altar."

"No kidding!" He laughed and shook his head. "I've heard about such things, but I never really believed them. What if they hadn't liked each other? What if they'd hated each other on sight?"

"They did," she said calmly, "but they soon changed. Their parents had selected them for each other with great care, so that as soon as they became better acquainted and realised how well matched they were, a deep affection grew between them."

She had slipped her fingers out of his and clasped her hands together in her lap, and she sat very straight on the edge of the bench, looking at him with large, serious eyes.

"I have no one to arrange a marriage for me," she said, "so I shall have to do it for myself. That is why I came back to the United States now, because it is time for me to marry and I wished to select a really suitable man."

WITH a grin, Bill retrieved her hand. "Faith, you don't have to bother about all that. You've found your man."

"I think perhaps I have," she said. "I had decided upon a typical American to offset some of my shortcomings in this direction, and I believe you are that. You are certainly a fine physical specimen. You seem to be most good-humored, and I believe your intelligence is sufficient to enliven the long evenings when we are older, without being so great as to find no meeting ground with mine. If what you say is true, you are financially sound."

She nodded soberly. "Yes, if further investigation proves you to be all that you appear, I think you are precisely the man I am looking for."

His grin, which had started out as an appreciative acknowledgment of her humor, became a little uneasy, a little fixed, as she went on. "Say, honey, you're quite a kidder yourself," he said in a strained voice.

A faint line of bewilderment appeared on her smooth forehead.

"Have I made a joke? I did not intend one." She turned to him anxiously. "Is it perhaps that you do not consider me a suitable wife, after all? If you are thinking of the difference in our backgrounds, it seems to me that would furnish a certain zest. There would be so much we could tell each other, so many things to——"

She looked so appealing, so in need of protection, that his uneasiness dissolved in a flood of tenderness.

"I think you're wonderful," he said in a shaking voice, "and now I'm going to take you home. It's very late."

She lived at a women's club, not far from where they were. They walked there almost in silence, holding hands, and Bill knew he loved her because he was so happy with her that way, just walking, just holding hands.

"Good-night, Faith," he said to her at her door. "It's been . . . terrific."

She looked frightened. "Terrific?"

"That's slang for . . . stupendous, marvellous, wonderful. Will you have lunch with me to-morrow? And dinner?"

"Yes," she said, "I wish to see a great deal of you." She spoke with a certain crispness. "Oh, and there is one more thing. I have only a very small dowry, for my foster parents lost a great deal in the war, but I plan to save most of my present wages, and this way . . ."

He was half-way down the subway steps before he remembered that he still had no fare.

On the long, dreary walk home he had plenty of time to think. Faith's face began to fade after the first mile, until presently he could no longer call up any of the feelings that had made him fool enough to walk rather than ask a girl for his fare home.

What kind of girl was she anyway, looking him over like that? She had never, he remembered now, said a word about having any feeling for him, finding him attractive, even liking him. Her only mention of love had been when she had asked in alarm whether he was falling in love with her.

It was three-thirty when Bill tiptoed into his room without waking his mother and father, and fell into bed. His last conscious thought was that he had better steer clear of that girl Faith, because there was something funny about her and before he knew it he'd be involved in it.

He awoke with his heart hammering and the feeling that he was too late for something. He sat straight up in bed for an instant, staring at the clock with its hands bisecting the face. Twelve-thirty . . . twelve-thirty . . . lunch!

With a leap that left the springs shuddering, he jumped up, ran out into the hall, and began thumbing wildly through the telephone book.

She was home.

"I have been waiting," she said. "I would have telephoned to you, but I wished to make sure that you were dependable about appointments." Her voice was even sweeter over the wire, soft and a little husky. He did not pay much attention to what she was saying.

"I didn't want to disturb you," he said. "Some people sleep so late on Sundays, and I thought I'd better wait. I'll be there in an hour, honey."

He rang off and sat there in his rumpled pyajamas, gazing beatifically at his bare feet. It was a moment or two before he became aware of his surroundings and noticed that his mother and father were in the living-room, watching him over the tops of the theatre section and the magazine section respectively.

"Hello," he said. "That was Faith. I think I'm going to marry her."

"High time, too," his father replied. "You must certainly have known her since last night, and here it is almost one o'clock the next day."

"What is she like, dear?" his mother asked, her eyes filling with tears of emotion. "Did you meet her at that U.N. party Dwight took you to?"

Bill contemplated his toes again with the same rapture as before. "She's like no one I've ever met. Golly, she's wonderful."

"And does she think you're wonderful, too?" his father wanted to know.

"Of course she does," his mother said complacently.

Please turn to page 41

Banish IRREGULARITY

and build yourself UP without medicines

Nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural

LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD and BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat every day. This natural, nut-sweet breakfast food stimulates and maintains daily regularity — as it builds you up! No medicines needed.

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Anything But Love

Continued from page 40

SUDDENLY Bill sprinted into the bathroom and turned the shower on. Later as he dressed he talked loudly, a little breathlessly, through the partly open door.

"Faith's different," he said. "She has already pretty much decided to marry me, but not exactly because she thinks I'm wonderful . . . I mean she's not swooning over me or anything, yet. It's the way she's been brought up."

He stretched his neck to button his collar, and his voice, though somewhat strangled, went on. "For a while there last night I didn't like the idea, but in the light of day I see there's really nothing to it. All I have to do now is make her fall in love with me, and everything will be fine. It's simple . . . I don't know why I was worrying."

"I don't either," his father called from the living-room. "Why would you worry over anything as simple as that?"

"That's right, dear," his mother echoed. "Worrying will only put lines in your forehead." She added to his father, in one of her stage whispers that were louder than any shouting, "Explain it to me after he's gone, will you, dear?"

"Who do you think I am?" his father inquired. "Einstein?"

Bill took Faith to a place he knew in an out of the way part of town. It was in a cellar and the lights were dim and there was a violinist in a gipsy costume who played all the time, except for brief intervals when he sat by himself at a corner table, sadly drinking coffee.

If you tipped the violinist he would stand at your table and play something slow and romantic, and when he had finished the girl would turn and look at you meltingly.

After he had played for Bill and Faith, she did not turn at all. Bill could see only her profile, the cute tilt of her nose and the edge of her captivating mouth. But when she began to speak, he thought her voice shook a little.

"You will not be a partner in your firm in ten years—perhaps you will in fifteen," she said. "But that is all right. I am not used to a great deal of money and have no need of it. A pleasant disposition is much more important, and your friends all agree you have that. Also, it is nice that you like baseball, for I have enjoyed many games in the Orient and I am most anxious to see the Dodgers play."

"Hey!" Bill said, rising half out of his seat. "Where did you find out that I——"

"While I waited for you this morning, I telephoned to several people." She looked at him with wide, appealing eyes. "You do not mind?"

"Of course I—— No," he said, sinking giddily under that look. "No, I guess I don't mind. Only over here girls usually find these things out gradually for themselves, as they get to know a fellow."

"But I cannot afford to waste the time," she said, "in case you are not suitable. I wish to be married early so that I can have a large family." She smiled at him. "You have, I hope, no objection to large families."

Bill sighed. "I have no objection to anything," he said hoarsely. "Heaven help me!"

He saw her every night that week. He took her dancing and to the theatre and concerts and for a ride on the Staten Island ferry. He sent her notes and flowers and exerted all the charm he had. By Saturday night he could not see that he had gained any ground at all—she still talked like a careful prospective purchaser.

But Saturday night was suddenly different. From the moment he called for her at the club, he could sense the difference. She wore a new dress, something soft and clinging, and she had a misty, faraway look in her eyes.

"Hello, Bill," she said, and there was such warm eagerness in her voice that his heart turned over. "I am so glad to see you."

They went to a night-club. She had only learned to dance on the ship coming over, but she was born for dancing. She followed him as though she had been doing these steps all her life, sweet and weightless in his arms.

"Golly, you're wonderful, honey," he murmured.

"You are wonderful too, Bill," she said softly. She shook her head a little, as though to clear it. "I do not know what is the matter with me. All day I have been feeling so strange." She smiled up at him hazily. "Hold me more tightly, please, Bill."

He complied, grinning happily. This was it. The good old personality had come through for him the way it always did. He shouldn't have doubted it for a minute. They could be married as soon as she was ready. Now that he was sure she wouldn't be marrying him just because his credentials were okay, there was nothing to stand in their way.

They left the night-club and walked over to the park hand in hand and found the same bench they had sat on that first night. There was a new moon planted low in the sky and they sat and gazed at it in silence. He did not want to move too fast. He did not want to spoil anything.

MINUTES passed, then Bill put his arm around her, and he felt her tremble a little.

"It is a beautiful moon," she said huskily.

"It's you who are beautiful, Faith—golly!"

"I do not know what is the matter with me," she said again, and then without warning she flung herself against him and began crying wildly on his shoulder. "Oh, yes, I do know. I do," she sobbed. "I have tried to fool myself, but I cannot any longer. I love you. From the beginning I have loved you."

Women, he thought tenderly, are crazy. "It's all right, sweetheart," he said aloud. "It's wonderful. Because I've loved you from the beginning, too." She only sobbed louder. "We'll be married as soon as you say," he told her. "Right away, if you want."

She shook her head violently. In a minute she sat up and blew her nose in his handkerchief. "No, Bill," she said sadly. "No, we can never be married now. It is all spoiled."

In a daze, Bill stared at Faith. "Spoiled? Why? What are you talking about?"

"We love each other," she said heavily.

"I know. Isn't that wonderful?"

"No, it is not. It is terrible. Where I was brought up, when a man and a girl fall in love they are not permitted to see each other again. There is no one here to forbid me, so I must forbid myself. We shall not meet again, Bill."

Bill ran his fingers frantically through his hair. "Look, honey," he said, "you'll have to spell this out for me; I'm a little slow. We love each other, so we don't meet again. Is that what you said?"

She nodded. "Oh, Bill, can you not see? When two people fall in love they do not know what they are doing—they have no sense, no judgment. Where I have come from people in this state are not permitted to make such an important decision as to get married, for they are not competent." She sat up, away from his arm.

"I have been convincing myself that you are exactly the man I have been looking for, but how can I know if it is true when I am crazy with love for you?"

Bill took in little gulps of air. Now everything has happened to me, he thought. A girl is turning me down because she loves me.

"Faith, listen," he said gently. "You're not in the Orient now. This is America. Here——"

"Yes, I know," she said. "Here the people marry when they are crazy with love, and as soon as they become sane again they fight and are unhappy and leave each other. I do not want such a marriage."

He argued with her for an hour without budging her. He talked until his throat was dry. Towards the end he began literally pulling out his hair. And then finally he got an idea. If she could see a young American couple, in love and happy, maybe she would change her mind.

But what couple could he scare up at the last minute like this? She was not going to let him see her after to-night. He had to do something right away, now.

"Dwight!" he said suddenly, out loud. "Dwight and June! They'll be home—they're just the ones. Golly, come on, honey, we're going visiting."

"But, Bill, I do not wish to——"

Please turn to page 48

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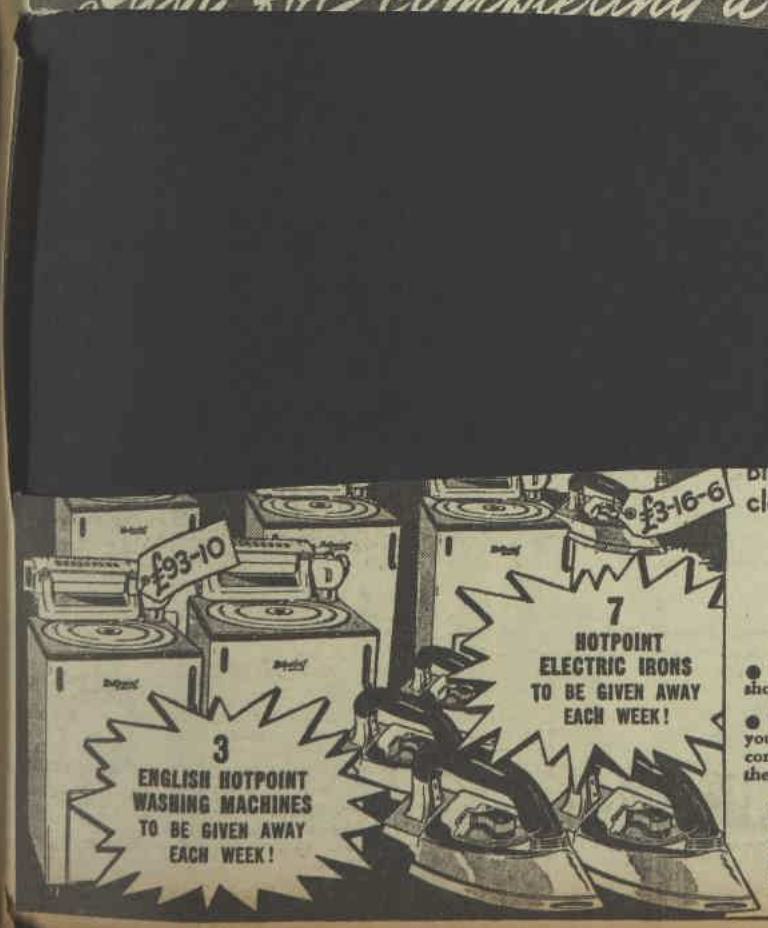

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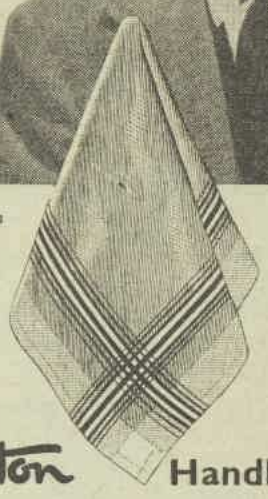

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Mother, who sews and mends, says—

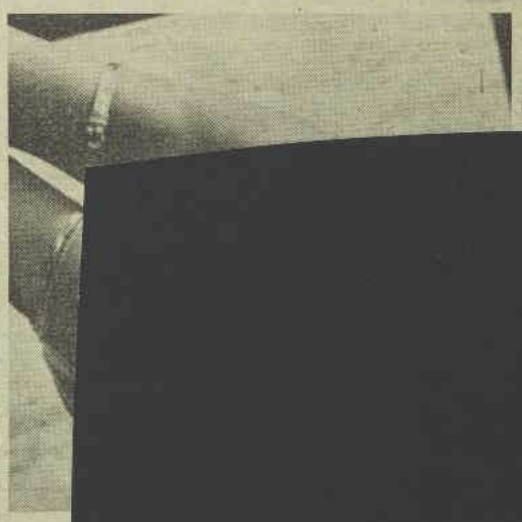
MAZDA LAMPS stay brighter longer

Shoes in parades

"DENISE" is cool and elegant for summer days. This shoe is made in brown, taupe, or black suede. The narrow sling-back strap is very new in Paris. Platform soles are smart.

MANNEQUINS Dominique Bayer, Colette Schwedorffer, and Denise Sarrault wear shoes made in Australia from lavish designs by Maniatis of Paris.

MANIATIS, of Paris, designed the originals of shoes shown here. They were made in Australia and are being worn by the six mannequins in our Paris Fashion Parades. Director of the parades, Madame Suzy Le Terrier, says she is very thrilled with the shoes, which are equal to, if not better than, the originals. Five of these attractive styles are on sale at Dent's, corner of Strand Arcade and Pitt Street, Sydney.



"GWEN" is not being made for sale but only for the girls to wear in our fashion parades.

"COL
made
gundy or navy suede with white crushed kid piping, gold or tan kid, and gold kid with silver.

•

"DOMINIQUE" is in black suede with grey lizard pattern showing through or taupe suede with fawn lizard.

snake with gold kid, genuine grey lizard, genuine crocodile.

•

"PAULE" has an overlapping leaf pattern. It is made in taupe suede, brown suede with fawn lizard trim, and black suede with grey lizard trim.

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FUNNYMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. Latest city crime is organised by BIGHEAD, who is able to rob banks by his magnetic power, the money streaming out of the windows and flying to him. Larry tells JUNE FARRELL that he is going to solve the mystery, and sets off in his miraculous jet-jalopy.

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): From August 31 conditions tend towards more responsibility and extra work, and right up to September 3 you may need to watch health and nerves. However, September 4 and 5 should find conditions easier.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): This week may be the beginning of restrictions in outings and pleasures and you will not make much progress either in heart or speculative affairs during September 1, 2, and 3. Conditions change from September 5.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): September 1 could stir up some petty worries in domestic affairs, while September 2 may prove troublesome to health. Guard against chills. Use helpful aspects from September 4 to improve conditions.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Don't let family worries depress you this week, avoid changes on August 31. Use September 1 and 2 for routine affairs, for nothing can be hurried until September 4, when new activity is possible.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Use caution in all business and financial affairs until week is well advanced. September 1 tends to nervous tension; don't let trifles upset you. September 2 is good for consolidating past gains, but be prepared for money delays or disappointments until after September 3.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): From August 31, conditions incline to delays and restrictions, but during September 2 and 3 steady perseverance will help you to stabilise matters in hand. Your best days this week are September 4 and 5.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Emotional affairs and restlessness could upset September 1, while September 2 and 3 may tie you down with difficult working conditions or family illness. September 5 appears to be your brightest day.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): New or secret love affairs could prove unwise. Don't discard or criticise the old love. Go warily on September 1, 2, and 3 if you wish to avoid disappointments.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): You will gain more by going slowly this week. Avoid extremes and act cautiously on September 1, especially in dealings with others. September 2 and 3 can be difficult days. Things brighten up from September 4.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Don't be hurried into unwise action on September 1, for this could cause business affairs to go wrong, resulting also in delay or anxiety during September 2 and 3. Not a good week to travel.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Not the best week to expect expansion from your financial interests, and care will be necessary to prevent these matters deteriorating during September 1, 2, and 3.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your partner in life seems to be your chief concern this week. A little health trouble could occur, bringing extra responsibility, or a misunderstanding could upset the usual routine. Avoid sudden decisions on September 1 and don't allow coolness to spring up with friends on September 3.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ Mother Was a Freshman

THE American version of the English language makes the title of "Mother Was a Freshman" sound less cumbersome than had the bright film been called "Mother Was an Undergraduate."

Due to the beauty, intelligence, and chic of Loretta Young, the sensible acting of Van Johnson, and the vivacity of teenager Betty Lynn, the film is an enjoyable romance.

A beautiful widow of "about thirty-five" finds her bank account vanished. To ensure that her teenager daughter keeps up her university course, she takes advantage of a family scholarship endowed by her grandmother and enters the university as a "freshman" herself.

The inevitable professor (Van Johnson), over whom the teenager is starry-eyed, soon has "Mother" in a similar state of mind.

In perfect technicolor and wearing the most delectable clothes I have seen in films this year, Loretta Young is a sight to behold; and her acting has admirable timing.

Van Johnson will surprise audiences by the maturity and the ability of his acting. The boyish Van has gone and he makes a splendid foil for Loretta Young.

The Fox film is at the Regent.

★★ The Barkleys of Broadway

NOSTALGIC memories of films starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are awakened by their reappearance together in a new technicolor musical, "The Barkleys of Broadway," patterned on time-honored lines.

The screen has never had a better dancing duo, and the years between their last film and this one have not dimmed their grace and timing.

If Astaire's face and hair are thinner, his feet are as nimble as ever.

His acting is easier than that of Ginger, who still looks glamorous in face and figure, but seems to try too hard with her acting.

The story is relatively unimportant, though it is dressed up with all the customary lushness of a musical which features the lives of successful stage performers.

Fred and Ginger are musical comedy stars whose harmony as performers falls apart in their private lives, because Ginger has aspirations to become a dramatic star.

The film sparkles with dance numbers. The opening tap dance and the delightful Scottish comedy number are the two best, with Fred giving a grand performance in a quaint novelty number, "Shoes With Wings On."

Oscar Levant, Billie Burke, and Gale Robins have featured roles, with Levant starring in two piano performances.

The film is at the St. James.

★ The Great Gatsby

AN attempt to reconstruct some of the rip-snorting extravagant characters who apparently lived in America during prohibition days turns out only as a moderate success.

F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a novel about a fabulous man of the times called Jay Gatsby, who lived recklessly and ruthlessly as he made his colossal fortune. It is this story which we see.

Alan Ladd portrays Gatsby with sincerity but little color.

Because a wealthy man stole the girl he loved during World War I, Gatsby vows to win a fortune and win her back.

The fact that she wasn't worth worrying about for a minute doesn't deter him, but it does result in his being killed in mistake for another man—the husband of his one and only love.

Betty Field plays the worthless Daisy, and Ruth Hussey is an equally predatory female.

Both actresses have acted far better in previous films.

The most vivid performance is that of Shelley Winters in a small part.

The Paramount film is at the State.

★ It Happens Every Spring

THERE'S a touch of fantasy about this comedy, which ranges from a university background to professional baseball matches, but the comedy could have been exploited more.

Ray Milland is a physics professor who discovers by chance that he has invented a wood repellent which makes it impossible for a baseball to be hit by the batter.

In search of money, he takes his bottle of repellent to the headquarters of a famous baseball team and talks his way into being allowed to act as pitcher.

A secret touch of the repellent on the ball—and, hey presto, the team has a new star pitcher, working under an assumed name.

The star shines for a season, though his real identity is discovered soon by his fiancee (Jean Peters).

Most of the acting is divided between Ray Milland and Paul Douglas, who made such a good debut in "Letters To Three Wives." Douglas' bulldog face and tough appearance are well suited to his present role as a baseball catcher.

Milland is perfectly at home even when he is pitching, though he seems uninterested in the slight romance with Jean Peters, who has still to learn acting.

The Fox film is at the Mayfair.

GERALDINE BROOKS' dog Ophelia is the centre of attraction in this photograph, which shows Geraldine and Farley Granger admiring Ophelia after she has completed a clever trick. Both the human stars will be in Europe soon, as Geraldine is listed for a role in an Italian film and Farley will be taking a holiday after the completion of "Roseanna McCoy."

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3. *Arrange in waves and curls in any way you wish with fingers and comb. In about four minutes the set is finished.*

Lynne Roberts
Republic Star.

☆ *Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of* VELMOL

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LIZABETH SCOTT once acted as understudy to the famous stage star Tallulah Bankhead in "Skin of Our Teeth." Later she became a model for a well-known fashion magazine, and was given her first film chance by producer Hal Wallis. Unusually tall, blonde, and with a husky speaking voice, she has played in many films since her arrival in Hollywood in 1945. Twenty-six years old, she is one of the few film stars who have never married. Her current film is "Too Late for Tears," a drama produced by Hunt Stromberg and released by United Artists, which is celebrating its thirtieth year as a releasing studio. Lizabeth's co-stars will be Don De Fore and Dan Duryea.

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1 BRIBERY OFFER is made to young garage mechanic Percy Boon (Richard Attenborough) by Jack Rufus (Maurice Denham), when Rufus wants change made to stolen car. Percy agrees to do job.

2 AT CHRISTMAS PARTY, Percy gives Doris Josser (Susan Shaw), with whom he is in love, an ornament made from the mascot he removed from the stolen car.

LONDON BELONGS TO ME

3 DETECTIVE Bill Todds (Andrew Crawford) meets Doris, who tells him she does not return Percy's affection.

"LONDON BELONGS TO ME" is the first film for some years in which producer-director Sydney Gilliat has not been associated with Frank Launder, as Launder was abroad.

Gilliat also acted as script-writer for Individual Films' adaptation of Norman Collins' best-seller of life in a London boarding-house just before World War II.

The cast is headed by Richard Attenborough, Alastair Sim, Fay Compton, Susan Shaw, and Stephen Murray, with Wylie Watson, Joyce Carey, and Ivy St. Helier in character roles.

The film is released by J. Arthur Rank.

4 SUSPICIOUS that Percy is involved in a fatal car smash, Bill calls at his home and sees Percy's gift to Doris.

5 ARRESTED on a charge of murdering the girl who died in car smash, Percy pleads that he acted in self defence, as the girl attacked him with car spanner. His claim fails and he is convicted.

6 APPEAL to Home Office for Percy's reprieve is made through influence of all members of boarding-house in which Percy lived. Appeal finally is successful.

ACROSS

1. Dressed champ taken in "taken in" (7).
5. Boards all for flooring if you have an innings and only just make double figures! (7).
9. A couple of beasts—the latter, he provides clothing for the former, but the source of supply is mine (7).
10. The butcher sells a new body for the auto, but there'll be no chassis with it! (7).
11. He may make it hot for us later, if he had to pay there would be trouble ahead (3, 5).
13. When a star is shooting and is confronted with caviare, etc., in return (6).
15. Steel items; the very best found in trunks (5).
16. A 5 to 4 introduced for our approval (6).
18. Poem (3).
21. You'll meet your double if you look in (6).
22. This Islamic book was a knock-out before smuggled in (5).
25. Halo of mixed bathing causes friction (6).
26. Not the kind of breaker we welcome in the summer (4, 4).
28. Mama, you mustn't conclude a thing like a butterfly is enormous (7).
29. Led pure (anag.) (7).
30. Don't do it if you're itching to withdraw from the competition (7).
31. Sure to be disagreement when the penny letter is forwarded (7).

DOWN

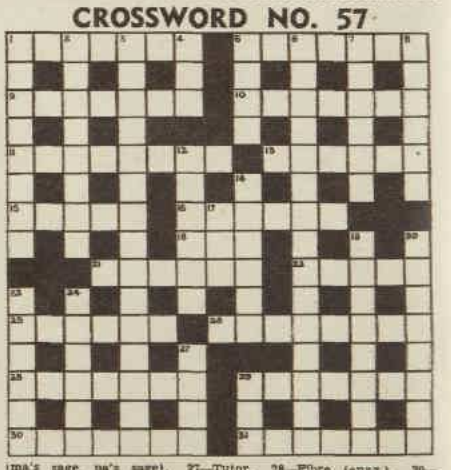
1. A gun with zero reset (8).
2. When a firearm is loaded it will give a report (this is official news) (8).
3. Has me rise before nine to climb with a short blackfellow all in with the threat to make a voyage, which proved most amusing (5, 3, 2, 1, 4).
4. Mother, you nag like mad. Turn it up! (3).
5. Taxi, which way first must you and I go for old Virginny? (4).
6. Pte. Sam and two of his colleagues yarn of their romantic doings in France? (5, 10).
7. Lean me (anag.) (6).
8. The bashful make a mistake being content to get this drink (6).
12. Tell is in good condition (6).
14. In anlving it we make unwilling Characters for crossword filling (6).
17. Puss (3).
19. Unruly, rare, cute animal (8).
20. Existing in and inseparable from the man who has torn in first (8).
23. Sea swellings in clusters (6).
24. It's all up concerning Othello the lodger (6).
27. Who, in Persia, is made to bash a bit in worry? (4).
29. Stuff that's paid me out (3).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 53

ACROSS: 1—Chin-chill-a. 6—Shoo (hidden). 10—Overlap (anag.). 11—Man-x cat. 13—Bass. 15—Try. 14—Hen-na. 16—Of-ten. 18—E/a-gle e/yed. 21—Exhibitor. 23—Draws. 25—Orris (hidden). 27—Tea. 28—Poll. 30—Though-t. 31—Imbi-bed. 32—Yank. 33—T-rum-peters.

DOWN: 1—Crop. 2—Inexact (anag.). 3—C-alma. 4—Imp-a-tie-nt. 5—L-ump-y. 7—Hack-ney (yen turned). 8—Outlandish (anag.). 9—Inch (hidden). 15—Not-ew-or-thy. 17—Nob. 19—Germanism. 20—End. 22—Harp-o-on. 24—Am-i-able. 26—Sage (ima's sage, pa's sage). 27—Tutor. 28—Fibre (anag.). 29—Odes.

CROSSWORD NO. 57



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 56

ACROSS: 1—Warpaint. 5—Ah-beas. 10—Newspaper. 11—Clubs. 12—R-are. 13—Hind-us-tan-i. 15—St-rung. 17—Edition (anag.). 19—Re-aides. 21—Greens. 23—Cha./i/rwoman. 24—Star (rats turned). 27—Loire (anag.). 28—Dr/i-ft/wood. 29—D/en/ude. 30—E/yes/ight.

DOWN: 1—Win-try. 2—Rower. 3—Alps (anag.). 4—Nap-ping. 8—Back-slider. 7—Education. 8—Sessions. 9—Brid/l/e. 14—D/under-he/ad. 16—Tas-man-i-an. 18—C/r/ackled. 20—Sh/odd/y. 21—Gravity. 22—Credit. 25—Thong (hidden). 26—Itis.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 53: £10 to Mr. R. G. Taylor, 10 Alfred St., West Launceston, Tas.; £5 to Miss T. Smith, 4 Agars St., Rosalie, W2, Qld.; £2 to Miss N. V. Nagle, Gladstone Rd., Ipswich, Qld.

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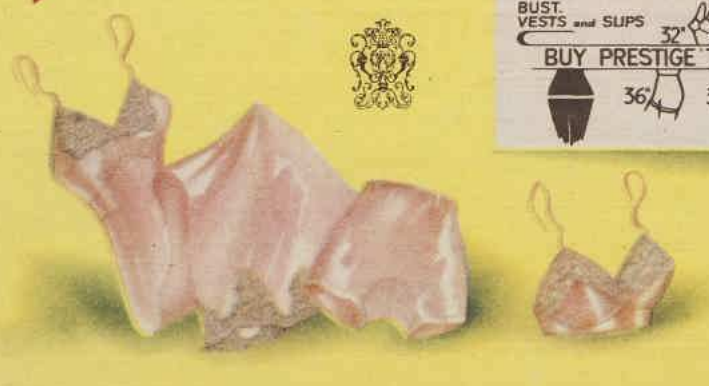

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Anything But Love

Continued from page 41

THE smile Bill gave Faith was brave and tragic. "Surely you can humor me in this small thing, Faith, since you are breaking my heart."

He stopped in a phone box on the way and gave Dwight a rapid briefing. "Look, I'm in love with a girl who won't marry me because she's in love with me, so I'm bringing her over to prove that it works out all right, so you and June act just as loving and happy as you can, will you? And you can forget about that ten bucks you owe me."

Dwight assured him that he had already forgotten about the ten bucks and that Bill was out of his head, and Dwight didn't know what he was talking about. "But bring her over, by all means," he said. "Any girl of yours is a girl of mine."

Bill went on with some misgivings. Maybe this was not such a good idea after all. Dwight and June were crazy about each other, had been ever since their high-school days, but you had to understand them.

"You'll like these people," Bill said, as he rang the bell of their flat. "I've known them both for years, and they've been in love with each other ever since I've known them. Blissfully happy, too."

Dwight and June came to the door beaming, their arms around each other, and Bill's heart lifted. Good old Dwight! He might have known that a fellow who could talk nine languages would get the idea.

"Well, hello," they said in unison. "Do come in."

Bill made the introductions, and Faith said, "We are not intruding? It is late for a call."

"Not at all," June said. She looked adoringly at Dwight. "We have so much to say to each other that we stay up till all hours and just never seem to have enough time together."

They made a handsome couple. Dwight was dark and impressive and looked like the young ambassador he was always pretending to be, and June was slim and fair with a high-cheekboned, attractive face. She took Bill into the kitchen and asked him what it was all about.

"Dwight says that you want us to act lovey-dovey, but he doesn't quite get it," she told him. "He says you told him that this girl won't marry you because she's in love with you, but, of course, he must have got it wrong the way he usually does."

"He got it right," Bill said, and tried to explain.

"Never mind," June said in the middle of it. "Maybe I'll read my lines better if I don't know the plot. Anyway, she's cute."

When they got back into the living-room, Dwight and Faith were chattering away in a foreign language.

"Is it not wonderful," Faith said to June, "for a young man to get so far as your husband has?"

"I don't know," June said. "How far did he get?"

Dwight looked sullenly. "She means in the U.N., darling."

"Oh," June said. "Well, his possibilities are unlimited in a foreign language, because I understand only English. He might even get to be president of the General Assembly, and I couldn't stop him."

Ordinarily Bill enjoyed June's quips at Dwight's expense. Without them Dwight would have become unbearable, a boastful stuffed shirt. June kept him down to earth, and they understood each other. But Faith could not know that.

It went very well for a while. June and Dwight cooed at each other and exchanged fervent glances and held hands, and Bill, watching Faith, thought she seemed impressed. Then, all at once, everything went to pieces.

The phone rang and Dwight answered it. "Yes," he said. "Who? . . . Why, yes, sir. Why, yes, indeed, sir, I shall attend to the matter personally. . . . You know you can always count on me. I'll have the papers in your office the first thing Monday morning." He hung up and turned to Faith. "That was the Secretary of State," he said. "Matter of utmost importance and secrecy — called me up himself at this hour, so you can imagine——"

June gave him a look and strolled over to the radio and turned it on and tuned it. After a minute or two a strong, forceful voice filled the room.

"If you didn't have such a rotten memory, darling," June said to Dwight, "you would be much more impressive. The Secretary of State is speaking at that meeting to-night, remember? Or was his business with you so urgent that he broke off in the middle of his speech to call you?"

Dwight looked at Faith out of the corner of his eye and turned dark red. He particularly liked to put on a big front for a pretty girl, and June particularly liked him not to.

But June and Dwight had forgotten all about everything. They did not even see Bill's frantic facial contortions. Once they really got going, they seemed unaware that there was anyone else in the room.

"You're always running me down," Dwight said. "Most wives build their husbands up, but not you—oh, no, you——"

"Build you up! Why, darling, you're practically out of sight now, and you did it all yourself," June told him.

Dwight smiled sneeringly at the ceiling. "She's not even clever," he said. He lowered his voice confidentially and changed to one of the eight other languages with which he was familiar, and then June really blew up.

"Stop that!" she shouted. "Stop it, you coward! Talk about me in English, like a man, so I can answer back!"

THEY went on for a good while, with Dwight switching languages every few minutes and June doing all right in English. Bill tried to get Faith out, but she shook him off. She was sitting straight up in her chair, her mouth a little open, listening and watching in fascination.

It ended the way it always did. All at once the room was very quiet. June and Dwight stood a few feet apart, staring at each other. Then they both started talking at once, meanwhile rushing together.

"Oh, darling." . . . "Gosh, sweetheart." . . . "It's all my fault—I'm a shrew." . . . "No, it's mine—I'm a fool." . . . "Oh, darling." . . . "Oh, sweetheart."

Faith got up quietly and signalled to Bill that she wanted to leave. June and Dwight were so wrapped up in each other that they did not even see them go.

"Well," Bill said heavily when they got outside, "now you've seen it. An American love match."

"Yes," she breathed, "I have seen it. Never have I seen anything like it. Such fire, such—such . . . splendid anger! And then when it was over——" She shook her head in slow wonder. "How sweet it must be for two who are in love to blame each other after such anger, and murmur endearments in each other's arms."

He took several quick steps towards her.

"It's nice other times, too," he said. "For instance, when you've been thinking you're going to part and never see each other again, and then all of a sudden you find everything is okay."

After a long time she spoke. "My foster parents in the Orient do not know what they are missing. Golly!" she said.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

LACES and sheer fabrics split honors for spring bridal fashions, and I advise combining them.

Girlish look

"WOULD you please design my wedding frock? I am quite young and want my frock to be feminine and girlish. Could I combine lace with sheer?

Your idea of lace combined with sheer is good because all sheers and transparent materials are right back in fashion. The design sketched would look enchanting on any young bride. The style is feminine and glamorous without being too sophisticated. Note the softly shirred bertha-type collar that matches up with the shirred flounces on the skirt. The unusual headdress is made of stiffened lace to frame the face in a becoming halo shape.

Going-away ensemble

"PLEASE advise me about my going-away ensemble. I am to be married just before Christmas. I wondered if a light color in a summery material, perhaps a floral, would be too informal for the occasion. Could you tell me what type of hat is correct, and what are the new colors?"

Certainly wear a light color. I always think a summer bride is lucky because she has the advantage of light colors and cool summery materials. Broadly speaking, plain fabrics have replaced florals in popularity; however, small neat prints (spots and checks) are very new-looking. Your hat for the occasion can be gala—wide-brimmed or close-fitting.

On the color list yellow is important, still lots of orchid-pinks, a new shade called summer-pink, about the shade of a strawberry soda. Beige still good, and still lots of grey. Also a color worth considering is a soft lime-green.

Pique for evening

"AS I am making myself a summer evening frock which has to do duty for all occasions, I would like to know the correct length for the skirt. I would also like your ideas for something new in color and material. My skin is olive, and I have dark brown hair."

Have the skirt of your dress ankle-length. This length is new and extremely versatile. It can be worn to dinner, cocktail parties, and to formal parties, and looks perfectly correct on each occasion. One of the most popular materials for summer evenings is white pique.

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

For middle age

"WOULD you advise me about a color scheme for my spring ensemble? I am 47, and though I want to look smart I don't want to dress in too young a style."

Navy frosted with white is an important spring color combination, and one that is perfect for your age group. The combination can be interpreted in an all-navy suit or basic dress worn with navy shoes, and gloves plus white hat and handbag.

An alternative idea, and just as new, is white brought to the costume by pique collar and cuffs.

Summer topper

"MY problem is style and color for a summer topper. I like Hollywood fashions best."

In California, especially in the movie colony, there is a big demand for white toppers made in gabardine, wool fleece, and sharkskin. The preferred length varies from 25 or 26 inches to 34 or 35. The narrowing or natural shoulder-line is strongly emphasised and interest centred on pockets and buttons. The jacket with a flyaway back is still liked, and coming in is a casual design with blouse fullness belted at the back. Underarm fullness is important, and most jackets have elbow-short sleeves.

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Ready To Wear: Nightgown, sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 59/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 62/3. Postage 1/9 extra. Slip, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 34/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage 1/- extra. Scanties, sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 14/11; 30 and 32in. waist, 16/11. Postage 10½d. extra. Complete set, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/14/6. Postage 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Nightgown, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 47/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 49/6. Postage 1/9 extra. Slip, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/3. Postage 1/- extra. Scanties, sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 11/3; 30 and 32in. waist, 12/6. Postage 10½d. extra. Complete set, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 85/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 90/6. Postage 3/- extra.

"TRIXY."—Frilled petticoat, styled with a firmly fitting waist, a slimmed-down hipline. The material is satin in white, pale pink, pale blue, and pale lemon.

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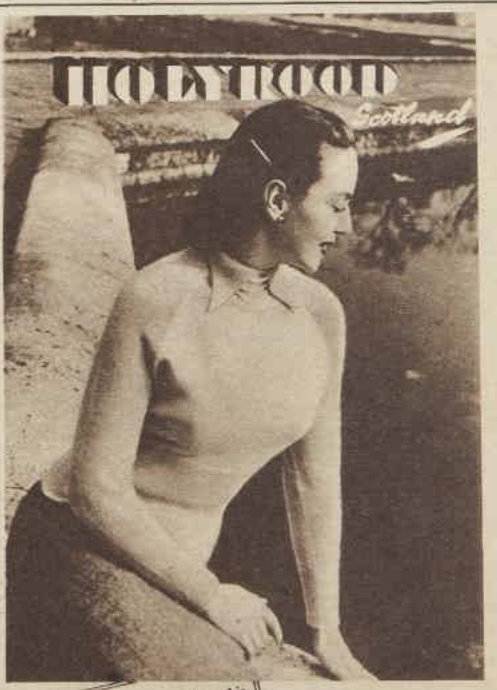
Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 18/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

N.B.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● TO ORDER: Fashion frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 59.



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Spring Fanfare

FUSCHIA

SPRING PINK

TRUE RED

New Fabulous Colors by GAZE

CRÈME NAIL ENAMEL

Tops in Tips!

Makeup for Spring

● In Paris, London, and New York, new shades of make-up are being introduced constantly, and I found it exciting to compile a cosmetic color album.

By CAROLYN EARLE

THIS spring, and the summer months, will be a perfect testing time for new ideas in gay, bright make-up.

Cosmetic colors are still subtle and soft, whether worn with pastel tones, blue, beige, brown, green, black, red, the grape and amethyst shades, or that darling of the season, grey.

Black and white and the bamboo tones also take their place beside the bright colors for both day and night appearances.

By now the well-groomed woman has realised that the same shade of make-up does not go with all dress colors.

Just as one color in clothes does more than another to flatter the individual, so make-up shades are complementary to the color worn and should be chosen for that purpose . . . to flatter and emphasise it.

From this it might seem that a springlike appearance will demand an extra cupboard full of cosmetics.

Fortunately that will not be necessary.

Two sets of make-up are all most of us need for even a varied wardrobe. Perhaps three lipsticks when the wardrobe runs to a wide variety of clothing colors.

It's fun to experiment with the new shades and the raspberry-reds of the season are especially flattering. Don't be put off by the color as it comes in the stick. Nine times out of ten it takes on quite a different tone when put on the lips.

First choice in make-up could be one of the prettying pink shades of powder. More than likely the one closest to your natural coloring is the one that's right for you.

This powder will serve as a basis for the rest of your make-up, regardless of what color you are wearing.

Rouge, lipstick, and nail varnish are the brightest accents in color, and their effect should be studied carefully when striving for a harmonious ensemble.

It is not possible to make rules about cosmetic shades, but combinations to avoid are yellow-red worn with a dress, suit, coat, or hat in the grape-fuchsia-blue color group or vice versa—a fuchsia make-up worn with yellow-red clothes.

But the woman who wants a soft, almost imperceptible red lipstick that is clear and not too flaming because she thinks it will "go" with everything, is perfectly correct.

Clear red is still old faithful in lipstick circles, because it suits almost everyone and tones in with the majority of clothing colors.

This color chat is for those who like to follow latest color changes, and to dress up their faces to meet the season, with shades they can successfully carry.

For her make-up wardrobe, then, let us say a well-groomed woman needs two shades of rouge, lipstick, and nail varnish. One of the yellow-red tones, and the other of the blue-red family.

The yellow-red combination make-up looks perfect with beige, brown, green, and bright red.

Black can take either the yellow-red or blue-red combination.

Most pastels, blues, grape, and fuchsia - colored clothes, as well as greys, are best complemented by fuchsia rouge, lipstick, and nail polish.

Watch, too, the range of color in your spring prints and match your make-up to the dominant color—dominant because of area covered or brilliance. Then apply the rule of make-up that is right for solid, one-toned clothes.

For those who like to emphasise their eyes by wearing eye-shadow in the daytime I have this suggestion: Either use a neutral shade, such as brown, or select the shadow to go with the dress of the day.

If the latter is preferred, grey-blue eye-shadow goes with pastels, bright blue, and grey.

Black takes either blue or green.

Grape tonings and fuchsia demand their own lilac-tinted shadow.

Green eye-shadow looks well with brown, green, and clear red.

Smart Parisiennes, who wear a far heavier make-up than either Australians or Americans, are particularly eye-conscious, and skilfully make the utmost of their mascaras and shadows for both night and day wear.

For our climate, however, I do feel that the best results are obtained from the lightest, most careful application.

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Puss in Boots . . .

Once upon a long time ago, there was a cat who wore magic boots that enabled him to marry his master off to a king's daughter. Today there's many a clever puss with a touch of magic on her feet, too — in Paddle shoes that have good looks as well as sturdy long-wearing quality. That's why most mothers insist on Paddle children's shoes.

Paddle for preference

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Paddle BABY MOCCS. — T3 "DOGGY" — Tan nappa; white; tan and fawn. Sizes 2-8½.

Paddle S248 "GLOW-WORM" — Black patent; tan calf; white buck. Sizes 3-10.

Paddle G035 "CAMELLIA" — Black patent with white trim; black patent with grey; tan calf with fawn. Sizes 10-7.

Paddle G038 "BLUEBELL" — Black patent or white buck. Sizes 11-5.

Paddle G042 "ASTER" — Black patent; white buck; tan calf. Sizes 9-5.

N.V.418

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Appetising

● Familiar dishes served in a different way turn an everyday meal into a special occasion, and rouse greater interest and appetite.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

THE humble carrot takes on a new importance if the rings are piled into a frame of spooned or piped mashed potato and returned to the oven for reheating. Just before serving, the carrots should be sprinkled with parsley.

Baked tomatoes develop new flavor interest when topped with cheese crumbs and margarine or butter before baking.

If desired, the apricot nut loaf recipe on this page may be cooked in oven at same time as the casserole. Oven would need to be pre-heated to 375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric, to cook the loaf and casserole correctly.

After removing loaf, oven temperature may be lowered 25deg. for balance of cooking time for casserole.

Remember, all spoon measurements are level.

LAMB AND CORN CASSEROLE WITH GREEN PEAS

Six lamb or mutton chops (leg or shoulder), 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint stock or water, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 onion, 1½ cups cooked corn (or tinned corn), ¾ cup diced parsnip, 1 cup peas, 2 tomatoes, chopped parsley.

Trim and wipe chops, coat with seasoned flour. Melt fat in pan, add chops, brown on both sides. Add stock or water, stir until boiling. Lift out meat, place in casserole. Add diced onion, skinned sliced tomatoes, and parsnip to gravy. Pour or spoon over meat. Cover, cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 2 hours. Remove lid, fold in ½ cup heated sweet corn. Serve piping hot topped with cooked peas and balance of corn.

PINEAPPLE CREAM CHEESE SALAD

Shredded lettuce, pineapple rings, tomato slices, cream cheese balls, chopped parsley, bubble bread, parsley sprigs for garnishing.

Prepare cheese bubble bread: Sift 3oz. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, small pinch cayenne pepper. Rub in 1 tablespoon margarine or butter substitute and 4 tablespoons finely grated cheese. Add sufficient milk to make a firm, pliable dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly until almost transparent. Cut into squares or oblong shapes and place on greased oven slide. Bake in very hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric) 6 to 8 minutes until lightly browned.

Arrange salad attractively on serving platter. (See color photograph.) Top cream cheese balls with chopped parsley. Garnish platter with parsley sprigs.

SAVORY CRUMBED TOMATOES

Four or five tomatoes (one or more for each serving), ¼ cup finely grated cheese, ¼ cup soft white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter substitute, parsley to garnish.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut slice from top of each. Mix together cheese, crumbs, salt, and cayenne, pile on to tomatoes. Top each with piece of margarine the size of a small nut. Place on oven tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until crumbs are lightly browned and tomatoes softened.

FRUIT SALAD AMBROSIA

One packet lemon jelly crystals, ¾ pint hot water, strawberries, mint leaves, 1 cup fruit salad (do not include any uncooked pineapple), 1½ cups milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cornflour, few drops vanilla essence, 2 dessertspoons water, 2 tablespoons gelatine.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, set ½in. in bottom of wetted mould. When set, arrange a pattern of strawberries and mint leaves, barely cover with more lemon jelly, stand in basin of iced water to set. Mix fruit salad with balance of jelly, gently spoon on to set jelly in mould. Stir milk and sugar over gentle heat until sugar is dissolved.

Beat egg, stir into milk. Blend cornflour with little extra milk, stir into custard. Stir while custard reaches simmering point, cook 2 to 3 minutes, but do not allow to boil, cool. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water (stand container in dish of hot water, stir until dissolved). Fold into custard. When cold, beat rapidly with rotary beater 3 to 4 minutes. Mould when jelly is firm. Chill until set, garnish with strawberries.

APRICOT NUT LOAF

Two cups flour, ½ cup chopped dried apricots, ½ cup chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, ½ cup melted margarine, butter, or butter substitute.

Coat apricots with little of the flour. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add sugar, apricots, and nuts. Beat egg, add milk, honey, melted shortening, and orange rind. Fold into dry ingredients. Turn into greased and lined loaf-tin, approximately 8½in. by 5½in. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 50 to 60 minutes. Leave in tin 15 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. Slice when cold, spread with butter or cream cheese.

FAMILY and friends will enjoy this dinner menu and ask for a repeat performance. Dishes illustrated are pineapple and cream cheese salad, lamb and corn casserole with peas, carrots in potato nest, savory crumbed tomatoes, and fruit salad ambrosia.

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SHE SHIVERS FOR GLAMOUR

Lovely young model June Massey shows you the swimsuit you'll be wearing this summer. "Modelling is a thrilling job", says June, "but it's freezingly cold in this weather. So as soon as I step out of camera range, I have a cup of steaming hot Bonox. It warms me up and gives me a lift." Bonox keeps out chills and tiredness. Builds up that weakened resistance — keeps your head above the "'flu line". Enjoy healthful Bonox every day. Eat and drink it for a lift.

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with a regular daily dose of R.U.R.—Nature's great cleanser and protector from diseases. R.U.R. goes straight to the root of the trouble and purifies the blood-stream, making it alkaline and germ-resistant. Excess acids and toxins are washed away and every organ of your body is wonderfully refreshed. Best of all, R.U.R. keeps you free from all those complaints that attack the unwary—skin diseases, neuritis, lumbago, gout, stomach troubles, sciatica, rheumatism, constipation, liver troubles, gastritis, and many other common ailments. Get rid of the poisons that undermine your health. Start the day right by asking at your local chemist or store for the new 2/- "Ready-to-Take" packet of R.U.R. It spoons out like sugar.

HERE'S A NEW and unusual way of serving the ever-popular fruit salads. It is arranged for everyone to help themselves to any desired fruit. Sugar syrup is served separately.

Savory egg dish wins cash prize of £5

● This week's big prize for a recipe submitted by a reader goes to an easily prepared luncheon dish . . . golden egg savory, served with green peas.

CHEESE and onion flavor the hard-boiled egg-yolks, which are returned to their cases, coated with crumbs, and lightly fried.

Savory banana fritters, one of the consolation prize recipes, are delicious with crumbed fried veal or the more expensive Chicken Maryland.

Biscuit pastry or shortcrust may be substituted for cheese pastry in the pineapple pie if desired.

Remember that all spoon measurements in these recipes refer to level spoons, and the judging of this weekly contest is simplified if level spoon measurements are used in recipes submitted.

GOLDEN EGG SAVORY

Four hard-boiled eggs, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon diced onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, soft white breadcrumbs, egg-glazing, a little flour, fat for frying.

Shell hard-boiled eggs and cut in halves lengthwise, remove yolks carefully. Put yolks in a basin with cheese, onion, parsley, and 1 tablespoon of crumbs. Season with pepper and salt, then mix together with a little cream until all ingredients are firmly combined. Fill the whites with this mixture, and join eggs together again. Roll in flour, then dip in egg-glazing and roll in crumbs. Fry in hot fat until golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper. Arrange the eggs on a bed of green peas, and serve hot with a border of mashed potato, spooned or piped and dusted with paprika or chopped parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Miss G. Walker, Yinnar South, Gippsland, Vic.

FISHBURGERS WITH MEXICAN SAUCE

Two cups cooked flaked fish, 1½ cups mashed potato, 1 teaspoon minced shallot, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Combine the fish with the potato, shallot, lemon rind and juice, mustard, salt and pepper. Mix all ingredients well together. Shape into flat cakes. Coat with egg-glazing. Roll in breadcrumbs. Fry until golden brown in very hot fat.

Mexican Sauce: Two tablespoons tomato puree, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup water, 1 level dessertspoon flour, ½ teaspoon curry powder, salt and pepper to taste.

Blend the flour and curry powder with a little cold water. Place remainder of ingredients into saucepan, bring to boil. Remove from fire. Pour on to blended dry ingredients. Return to fire and stir until mixture thickens. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Elbam, 414 Malabar Rd., Maroubra Bay, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE PIE WITH CHEESE CRUST

Cheese Crust: Six ounces plain flour, 2oz. grated cheese, pinch salt, 1½oz. butter, 1½oz. lard, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ gill cold water.

Filling: Three-quarters cup finely diced apple, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ¾ cup crushed pineapple, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, rub in shortening and add cheese. Mix to a dry dough with cold water. Line a tart plate with half the pastry, keeping remainder for the top. Combine filling ingredients and cook in double boiler for 10 minutes. When cold, place in tart plate and decorate with strips of the cheese pastry. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) for a further 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream, cream substitute, or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Warby, 5 Kerta Weeta Ave., Black Forest, S.A.

SAVORY BANANA FRITTERS

Four bananas, juice of ½ lemon, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, pepper and salt, fat for frying, thin slices of gherkin.

Fritter Batter: Sift 4oz. plain flour with pinch salt. Drop 1 egg-yolk into centre of flour. Stirring from centre out to sides, add gradually 1 cup milk and 1 tablespoon melted shortening. Beat until quite smooth. Just before using, fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg-white.

Select small, firm bananas, peel, and split each into two lengthwise. Place in a deep plate. Season well with pepper and salt, lemon juice, and the mayonnaise. Stand for one hour, pouring the liquor over them occasionally. Drain, coat with batter, and deep fry golden brown in fuming fat. Drain on paper. Make a slit in top of each fritter. Insert thin slice of gherkin. Serve very hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Taylor, 13 Seaview St., Waverley, N.S.W.

BISTO

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Something NEW with Bisto

Mrs. . . . of Harvey, W.A., writes: "When short of meat I cook onions in the pan (with top on), then thicken the liquid with Bisto. With hot buttered toast it is delicious." Yes—as delicious as Bisto gravy, and as economical. Bisto flours, flavours, salts, thickens, and browns your gravy in an instant.

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Pander to your palate

with these

PRACTICAL RECIPES

by

CLARE MITCHELL

In these days of high prices, it's often one thing to be a delicious cook, and quite another to be thrifty. But you *can* be both at one time! Try your skill with Mynor and these oh, so good and easy-to-follow recipes.

RECIPES

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON FLAN

• A delicious cold sweet to top off a winter's meal—warming yet cold to the palate.

½ cup water
¼ cup milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons of cornflour
¼ cup Mynor Pineapple
Pie shell cooked

1. Place milk and sugar in saucepan to heat.
2. Blend cornflour with water and add to milk and cook till thick and creamy. (This will be very thick.)
3. Add egg yolk and beat in thoroughly.
4. Allow to cool by standing in cold water.
5. Add Mynor Pineapple gradually and beat it in.
6. Stiffly beat the egg white and fold through the pineapple cream.
7. Pile in the pie shell and serve cold.

LIME MINT JELLY

• Make that cold lamb interesting with Lime Mint Jelly cubes. Makes a sparkling addition to a salad.

1½ cups water
1½ tablespoons Mynor Lime Juice
2 tablespoons chopped mint
1 dessertspoon gelatine
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt

1. Place water, mint, sugar, salt and gelatine in a saucepan and heat gently until gelatine is dissolved.
2. Strain through a fine strainer and colour a delicate green with green colouring.
3. When cool, add Mynor Lime Juice and stir in well.
4. Place in a moistened flat tray and chill. Cut into cubes to serve or chop fine.

RASPBERRY MALLOW

1½ tablespoons Mynor Lemon
3 tablespoons Mynor Raspberry
2 cups water
2 dessertspoons gelatine
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup sugar

1. Mix 1½ cups water, sugar and gelatine together and bring to the boil, stirring until gelatine is dissolved.
2. Blend flour with remaining ½ cup water. Add to boiling liquid, stir and cook for 2 minutes.
3. Allow to cool and then add Mynor Lemon.
4. Beat well until thick and fluffy.
5. Add Mynor Raspberry and continue to whip until it falls in thick clots.
6. It should be approximately 3 times the original size.
7. Chill and serve either in individual cups or in glass dish.

PASSIONFRUIT FROSTING

½ cup hot water
1½ teaspoons gelatine
2 tablespoons Mynor Pasito
1 egg white
½ cup icing sugar

1. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and allow to cool.
2. Add Mynor Pasito and stir in well.
3. Beat egg white till stiff, add liquid gradually, beating well.
4. Gradually beat in the icing sugar and whisk well until it thickens and commences to set. Pile on top and between layers of sponge cake.

Mynor Lemon **Mynor Raspberry**
Mynor Orange **Mynor Lemon Barley**
Mynor Lime **Mynor Grapefruit**
Mynor Tops **Mynor Pineapple**
Mynor Pasito

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MYNOR FRUIT CUP

MYNOR MEANS FRUIT JUICE

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MAIN ROOM of Mrs. D. R. Hamilton's home at St. Ives, N.S.W., has circular french windows shaded by duck-egg blue venetian blinds.

COMFORTABLY FURNISHED smokeroom, with cane furniture upholstered in burgundy and cream, has door opening on to a back sunporch. The old-fashioned fireplace is set in black Carrara marble.

Space effect in TWELVE SQUARES

THE small but lovely home pictured on this page will serve as an inspiration to those home builders of to-day who feel that their ideas of what a house should be cannot be realised in the small area allowed by current building regulations.

In the maximum area of 12 squares the owner of this house, Mrs. D. R. Hamilton, has succeeded in obtaining an illusion of space at variance with actual measurements.

This is partly achieved by 11ft. ceilings, by the clever use of circular walls, and by wide windows.

Set far back from the road in the rural background of St. Ives, N.S.W., the house, with its sun terrace and circular french windows, is most attractive.

Special attention has been given to lighting effect.

When the sun fades the use of modern hidden and direct lighting in every room takes its place.

One of the most spectacular effects in the house is the Italian marble staircase off the entrance hall, giving the effect of a second story.

MAIN BEDROOM has apricot-toned walls, marquisette curtains, and taffeta bedspreads. The wide built-in cupboards are in the same shade to contrast with duck-egg blue ceilings, and are lit from inside. The same tonings are featured in chrysanthemum-patterned carpet.

KITCHEN, overlooking fields, is built in circular design. There is direct lighting over sink, benches, and stove, and lavish cupboard space is also lighted. Woodwork is in a bright blue, and red-and-white gingham curtains on the windows match cushions in cosy breakfast nook.

ITALIAN MARBLE staircase leading from hallway. The amber plateglass windows increase effect of sunshine.

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EXTERIOR of Mrs. D. R. Hamilton's St. Ives (N.S.W.) home silhouetted against the skyline. A feature is the wide overhanging eaves.

Sow these seeds now

● To the gardener, the coming of spring is the time for seed sowing.

Says Our Home Gardener

THIS task of sowing is often little understood by the enthusiastic but inexperienced gardener.

Sometimes the gardener wishes to sow seed left over from a previous season, but is not sure if it is "alive."

To test a sample, fold up a large sheet of blotting-paper into a concertina, with hills and furrows.

Count out 100 seeds, and after placing these at equal distances in the bottom of the furrows, fill the bottom of a dish or deep tray with wet sand.

Place the dish in a warm place, and in a few days the "live" seeds will have sprouted. In a good sample eighty of the hundred seeds should sprout.

Make sure the blotting-paper makes contact with the wet sand, thus absorbing a fair amount of the moisture.

When sowing seeds in boxes, it is important to place ample drainage material at the bottom, particularly if the soil is at all heavy or clayey.

The addition of one-third sand to such soil will improve drainage and prevent caking in dry weather.

Don't use fresh manure of any kind in seed-boxes. It should always be old and well sieved before being added to seed-box soil.

One-quarter part of the total weight of soil should be old manure or sieved leafmould. This retains moisture and feeds the young plants as they germinate from the seed.

Make the soil firm and level, and place the boxes on bricks or pieces of square wood to assure even and level watering. Any box that tilts to one side or corner may puddle, and not only may the seedling growth be uneven, but many may die through waterlogging in rain.

Flower seeds that may be sown early in September include amaranthus, aster, balsam, didiscus, eschscholtzia, calliopsis, candytuft, carnation, celosia, clarkia, cobaea scandens, cockscomb, columbine, coreopsis, dahlias, delphinium, dianthus, dimorphotheca, helichrysum, ageratum, gaillardia, gerbera, geum, globe amaranth, godetia, gypsophila, linaria, lupins, African marigolds, mina lobata, nasturtium, petunia, phlox, scabious, portulaca, salpiglossis, salvia, shasta daisy, snapdragon, torenia, viscaria, and zinnia.

The following vegetables can be safely sown in September in frost-free districts: French beans (dwarf and climbing), beetroot, cabbage, carrot, celery, cucumber (late), leek, lettuce, marrow, parsnip, potatoes, pumpkin, silver beet, swedes, squash, tomatoes.

STURDY gerberas, which make colorful borders, can be included in spring sowing.

SHASTA daisies, another useful and attractive type of flower, popular with the home gardener, can be sown now.

DISCIPLINE FOR BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE need for discipline is not peculiar to infancy and childhood. If we are to live in harmony with other people it is necessary throughout life.

But the training we receive in the years preceding adolescence makes the exercise of self-discipline possible in later life.

An eminent child psychologist says, "Every normal baby presents material for a masterpiece or a failure."

He explains that the psychological equipment with which we meet the world as adults depends almost entirely on the habit training of the first years of life.

Parents must also realise that the understanding your baby gains of what he may—or may not—do depends largely on your behaviour and habits.

There must be good team-work between you, and you must both be consistent and persevering in your efforts of fair and just discipline for your children.

If you cannot manage your toddler, and have not trained him to understand and respect justice and obedience to those who have had wider experience, then the chances are that your adolescent child will be uncontrollable.

Leaflets giving suggestions for the early training of your baby can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Send a stamped addressed envelope with your request for a copy.

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Needlework Notions

No. 159—LAYETTE

Cut out ready to sew and embroider, the layette is obtainable in cream cesorella or rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, and blue.

Prices: Frock, 12/11. Regd. postage 10½d. extra. Coat, 14/11. Regd. postage 10½d. extra. Nightdress, 14/11. Regd. postage 10½d. extra. Slip, 7/11. Regd. postage 8½d. extra. Pilchers, 4/9. Postage 3½d. extra. Bonnet, 4/11. Postage 3½d. extra. Complete set, 59/3. Regd. postage 1/9 extra.

No. 160—GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN

Puffed sleeves and a heart-shaped pocket are features of this cotton dressing-gown for a small girl. Cut out and ready to machine, the material is a British floral cotton in pastel tonings of blue, green, lemon, and pink on a white ground.

Sizes: Length 33in., 4yrs., 8/3. Regd. postage 10½d. extra. Length 37in., 6yrs., 9/6. Regd. postage 11½d. extra. Length 41in., 8yrs., 11/6. Regd. postage 1/1 extra. Length 45in., 10yrs., 13/9. Regd. postage 1/3 extra. Length 49in., 12yrs., 15/11. Regd. postage 1/6 extra.

No. 161—FEEDER AND MAT

Turn a small hem round the outer edges of this quaint little set to finish it off. It is traced ready to embroider on British cotton in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The mat measures 11 x 17in., and the feeder 8 x 11in. Price 2/11. Postage 4½d. extra.

No. 162.—THROWOVER

Measuring 36 x 36in., the throwover has a dainty design traced ready to embroider on organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Finish with a narrow lace edging. (Lace not supplied.) Price 6/11. Postage 4½d. extra.

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 159, 160, 161, 162, please select a second color. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
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Fashion PATTERNS

F5637.—Trim one-piece with front-buttoned bodice top and moderate fullness in the gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5638.—Two-piece has current fashion of important hip pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

F5639.—One-piece styled with low cut neckline sponsored by Paris dress designers. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5640.—Child's prettily waisted one-piece. Sizes 20, 23, 27, 31, and 34in. lengths or 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 yrs. Requires 2¼yds. 36in. material. Price 1/8.

F5641.—Dress and matching jacket ensemble are both lace-trimmed. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for dress and ⅞yd. 36in. lace; 2¼yds. 36in. material for jacket and ⅛yd. 36in. lace. Price 2/8.

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